WESTERN ACTION AND THRILLS!

TWO-GUN KID

GUN-FAST SMASHING ACTION TALES OF THE FIGHTING WEST!

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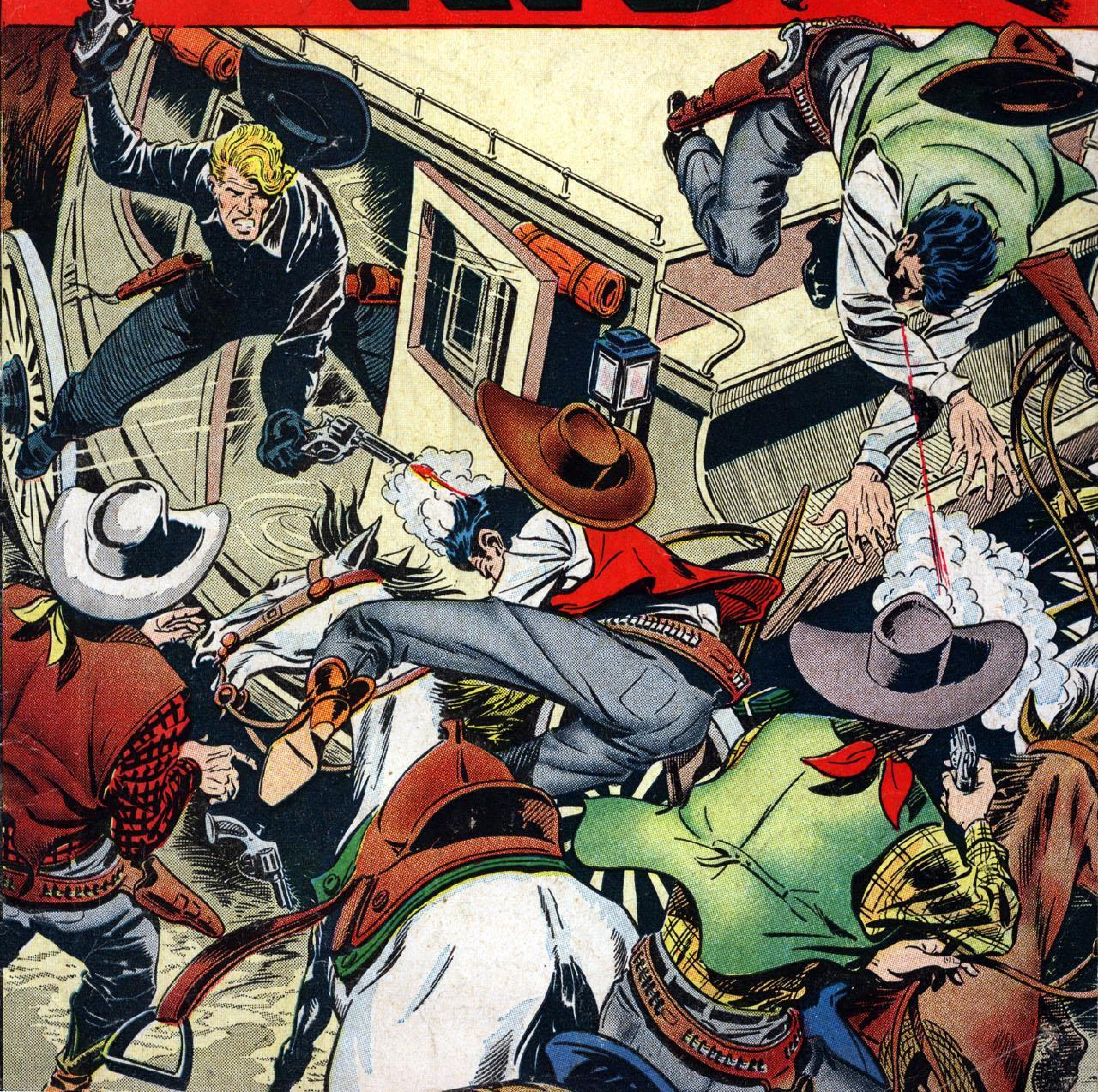

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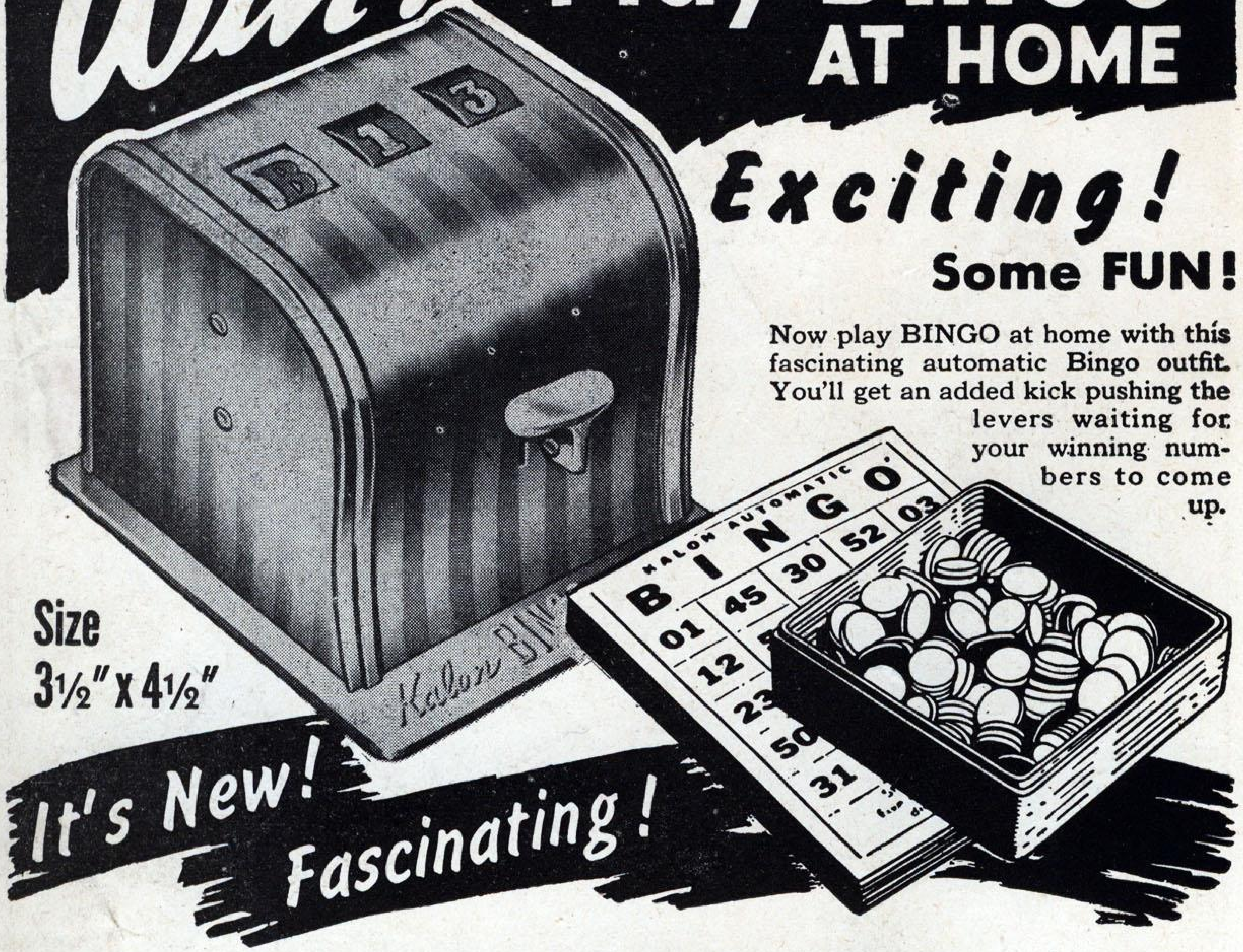

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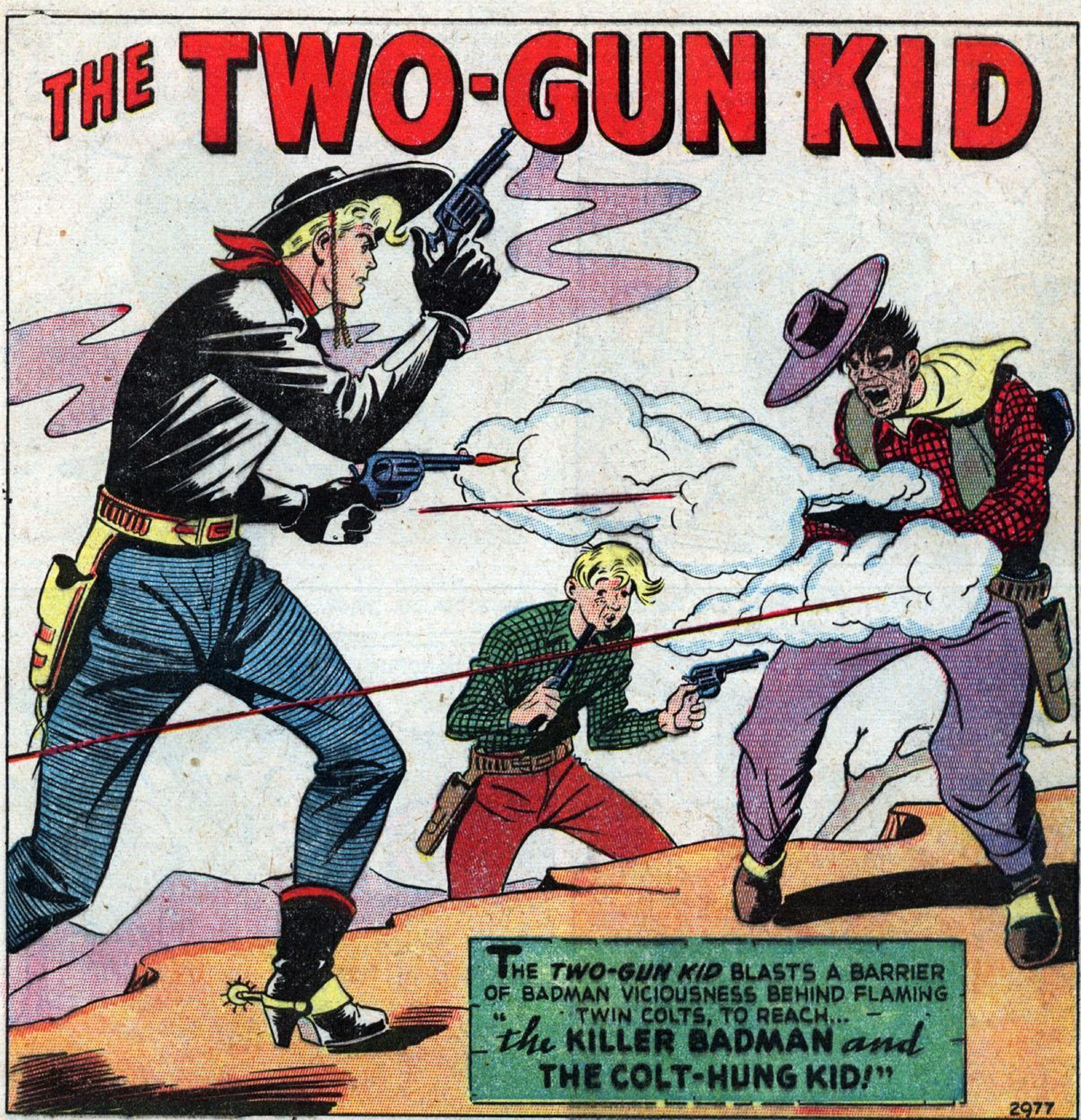
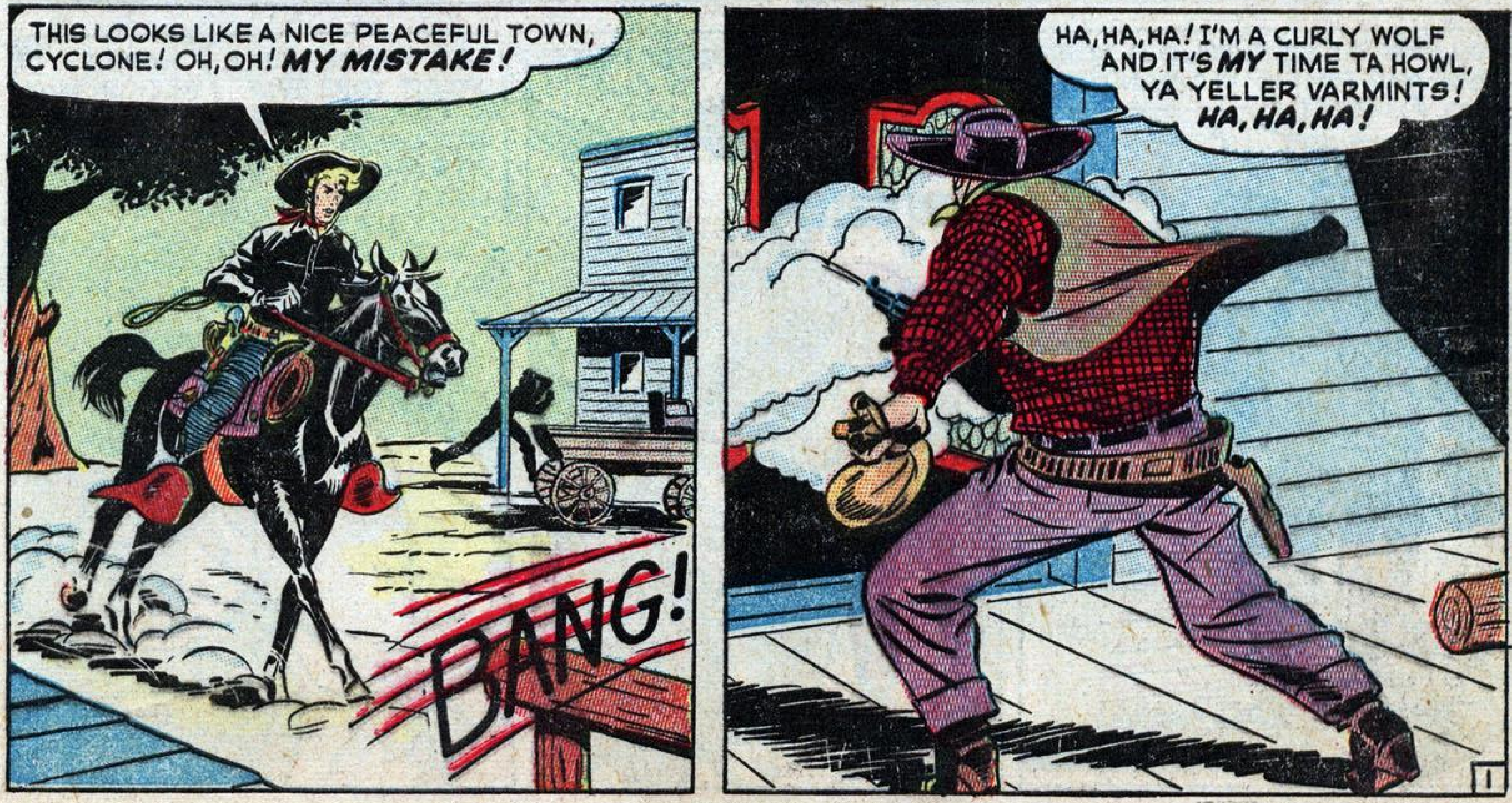
THE TWO-GUN KID


THE TWO-GUN KID BLASTS A BARRIER OF BADMAN VICIOUSNESS BEHIND FLAMING TWIN COLTS, TO REACH... "the KILLER BADMAN and THE COLT-HUNG KID!"
2977

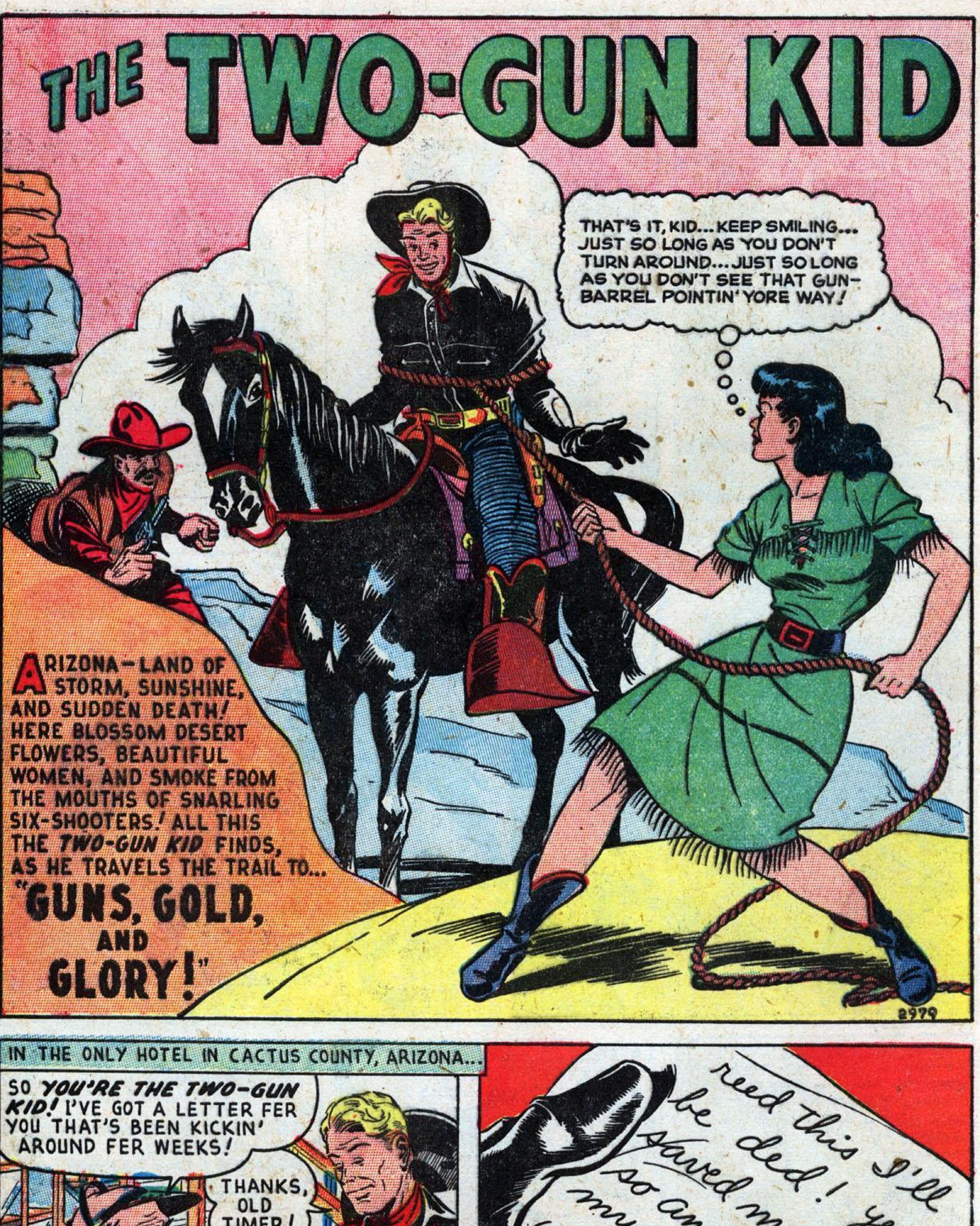

THIS LOOKS LIKE A NICE PEACEFUL TOWN, CYCLONE! OH, OH! MY MISTAKE!
BANG!
HA, HA, HA! I'M A CURLY WOLF AND IT'S MY TIME TA HOWL, YA YELLER VARMINTS! HA, HA, HA!
1

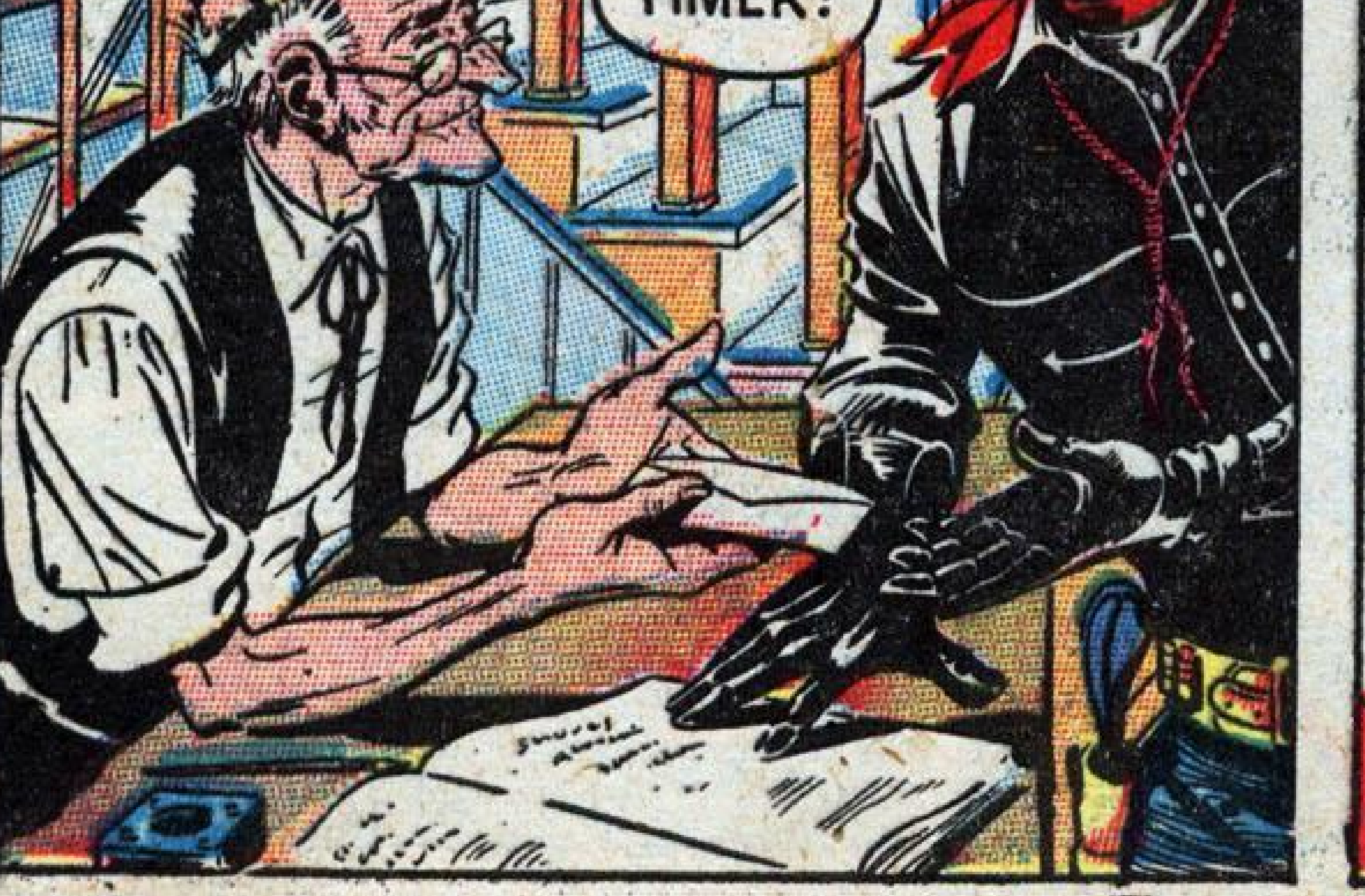
WHAT WAS **THAT** ALL ABOUT, PODNER?
THAT'S **KILLER KING COLE,** THE OUTLAW! HE'S GOT THIS **WHOLE** TOWN BUFFALOED, INCLUDIN' THE SHERIFF! GEE, **AIN'T HE GREAT?**
WAL, NOW, BUTTON, I RECKON THERE'S **MAYBE BETTER** MEN THAN **HIM!**
AW, WHAT D'**YOU** KNOW ABOUT IT? HE'S THE **BEST** THERE IS!
LOOKS LIKE YOU HAD A VISITOR! YOU FELLERS SHOULD DO **SOMETHING** ABOUT IT!
AW, WHAT CAN **WE DO** AGAINST AN OUTLAW GUN-SLINGER LIKE **HIM?**
WAL, Y'COULD...WHA...!
GRAB A HANDFUL OF SKY, GENTS! THIS IS A **STICK-UP!**
BANG!
YOU, BARTENDER, SHELL OUT YORE CASH AND TIE IT UP IN A BANDANA, **PRONTO!**
A-ALL RIGHT! B-BUT **DON'T SHOOT!**
STAY WHERE YA ARE! I'LL SHOOT DOWN THE **FUST** ONE THET FOLLOWS!
BLOODTHIRSTY DEVIL, AIN'T HE?
HEY, YOU'RE LIABLE TO GIT YORESELF A DOSE OF LEAD POISONING, STRANGER! I **WOULDN'T** GO OUT THERE YET!
NOPE, I RECKON **YOU** WOULDN'T, FRIEND... THAT'S **WHY I'M GOIN'!**

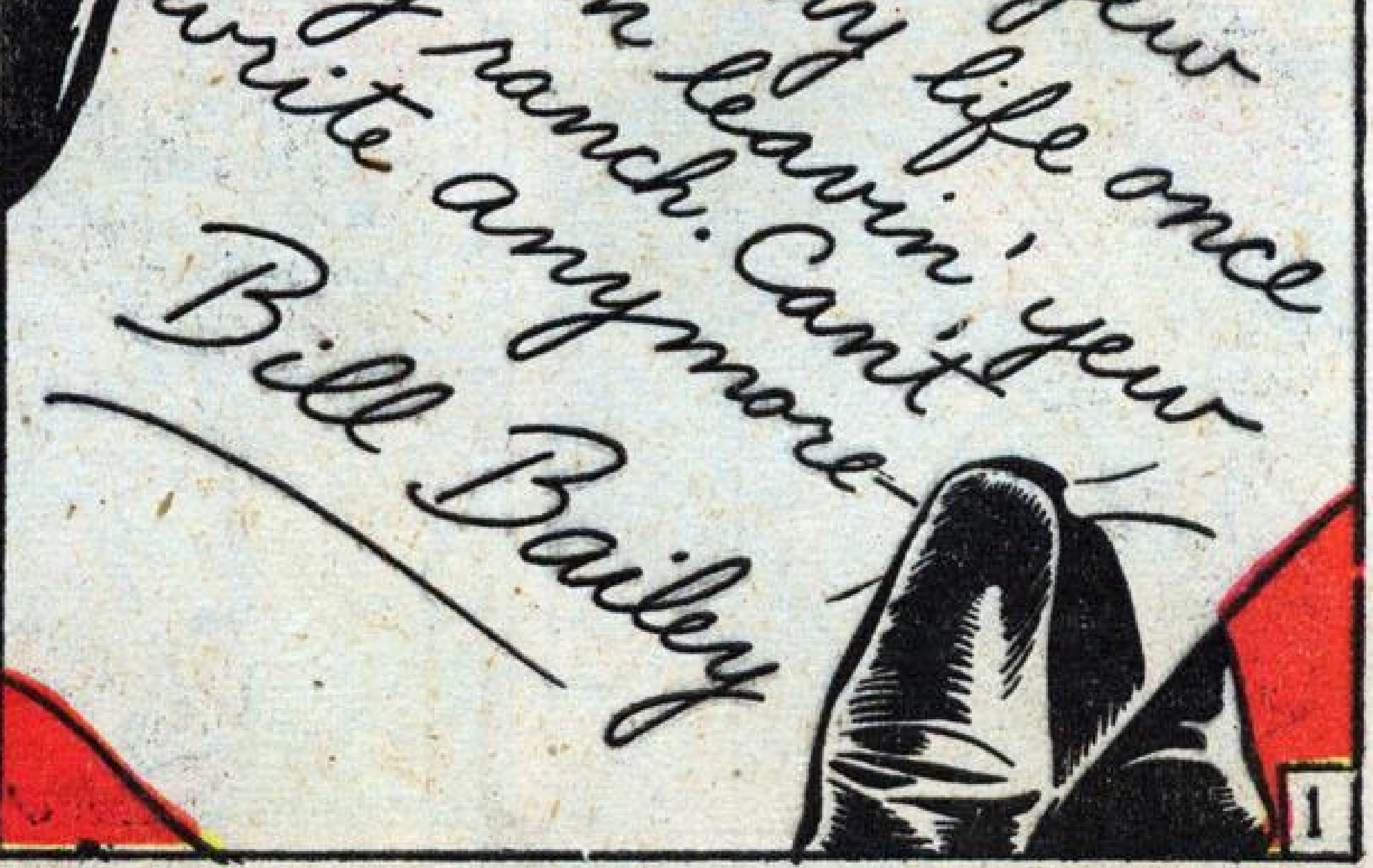
C'MON, CYCLONE, YOU CAN CATCH THAT CRITTER!
FIVE, SIX! THAT LEAVES HIM WITH AN EMPTY GUN!
AS THE MASKED BANDIT FIRES BACK TOWARD THE TWO-GUN KID, THE KID TWIRLS A WHISTLING LARIAT, AND...
I THOUGHT SO...IT'S THAT TOWN KID!
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE HOLDUP, SON?
DON'T CALL ME SON! MY NAME'S MICKEY, AND THE IDEA IS, I'M PRACTICIN' SO'S I KIN BE LIKE KILLER KING COLE!
SUDDENLY...
DON'T MOVE, STRANGER! HAND OVER THE CASH, MICKEY! YOU DONE REAL GOOD FER Y' FIRST JOB!
GEE, THANKS, KING!
YOU DIRTY POLECAT, TEACHING THAT KID TO STEAL!
HEY, YOU...!
YORE KIND ISN'T FIT TO LIVE!
OOOFF!
CRACK!

DON'T MOVE, MISTER, OR I'LL SHOOT!
NICE WORK, MICKEY! GET HIS GUNS! THE VARMINT TOOK ME BY SURPRISE!
NOW I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO TAKE CARE OF HOMBRES LIKE THIS ONE!
WAIT, KING... HE'S NOT ARMED!
NO, KING, NO! THAT'S NOT FAIR!
FAIR? ANYTHING'S FAIR IN THIS BUSINESS!
GOSH, KING, I DON'T THINK Y'SHOULD OF DONE THAT!
WHO ASKED YA TO THINK? KEEP YORE GUN ON HIM WHILE I GIT MY HORSE! THEN WE'LL KILL HIM AND LEAVE!
OWW!
GEE, I DON'T WANTA SEE HIM GIT KILLED! HEY, MISTER, WAKE UP!
ALL RIGHT, SON! STOP SHAKING ME! I'VE GOT A HEADACHE!
THIS SHOULD SHOW YOU WHAT KIND OF A NO-GOOD HOMBRE THAT KING COLE IS!
AW, HE'S NOT HIMSELF, THAT'S ALL! YOU MADE HIM MAD!
SORRY, SON, BUT I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO PROVE SOMETHING TO YOU THE HARD WAY!
HEY, QUIT IT! KING COLE WILL KILL YOU FOR THIS!

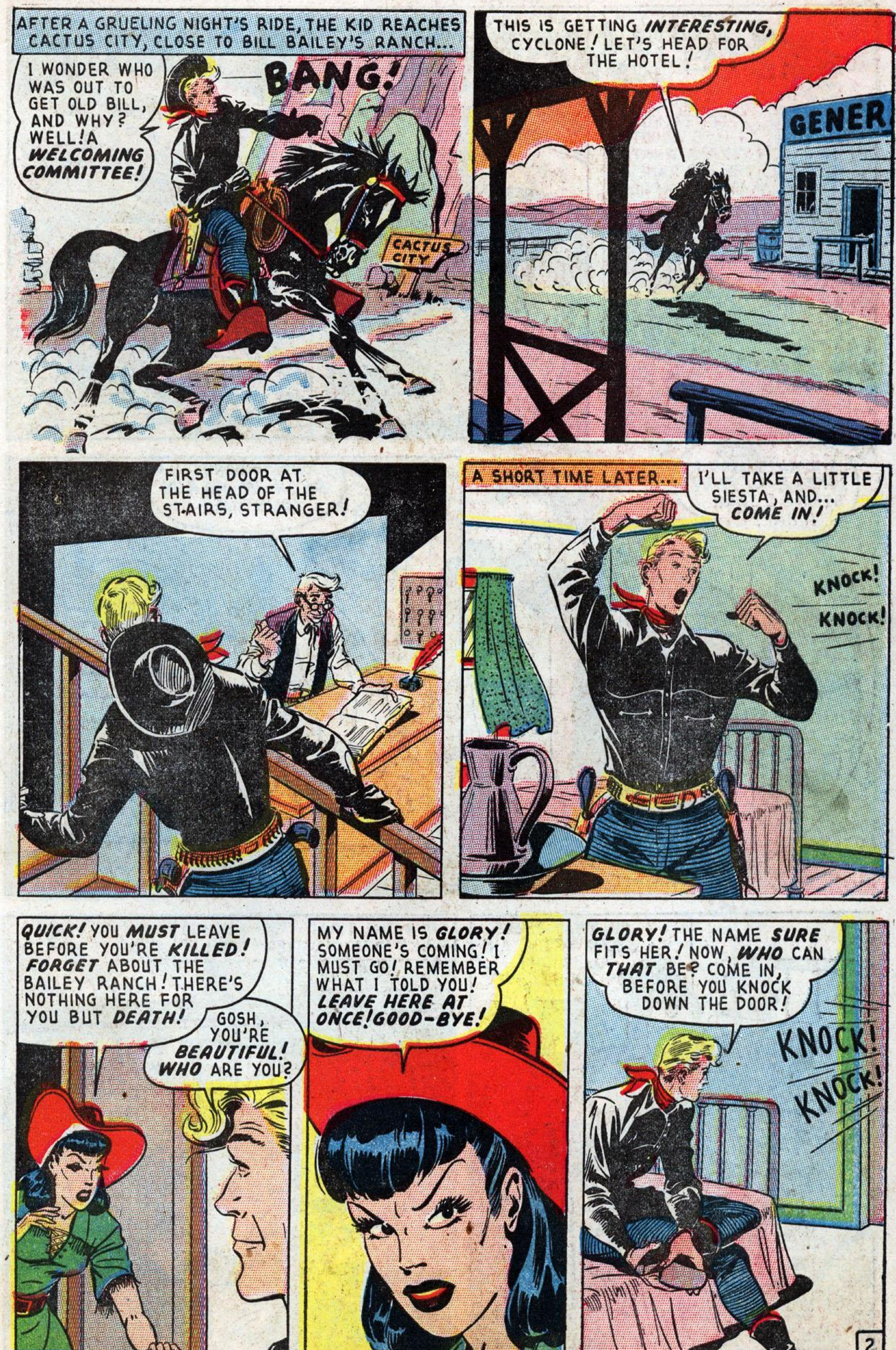
THE TWO-GUN KID REGAINS HIS COLTS, JUST AS THE KILLER RETURNS...
KING, HE'S GOT HIS GUNS!
NOW WAIT A MINUTE, FRIEND! I DIDN'T MEAN TO...
COLE, I'LL COUNT TO THREE... THEN WE'LL SLAP LEATHER!
ONE, TWO... HAH! JUST AS I THOUGHT! Y'DON'T BELIEVE IN AN EVEN BREAK!
BANG!
I'M GOING TO BEAT YOU TILL YOU CRAWL, COLE! WATCH, MICKEY, AND SEE HOW BRAVE THIS SKUNK IS!
Y'FOOL! I'LL KILL YA!
HAH! NOW I'LL TROMP YA TO DEATH!
C'MON, COLE, WHAT'RE YOU WAITING FOR? I'VE ONLY GOT ONE GOOD ARM!
OWW!
SWAT!
CRAWL, COLE, CRAWL! OR I'LL BEAT YOU TO A PULP!
OW! I-I-CRAWL! DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!
LATER...
COLE BROKE DOWN COMPLETELY IN JAIL, MICKEY!
I KNOW! GOSH I'LL BE GOOD FROM NOW ON, AN' I'LL NEVER TRY TO BE LIKE COLE AGAIN, HONEST!
ANYWAY, I'D RATHER BE LIKE THE TWO-GUN KID!
I'VE GOT TWO GUNS THAT BARK AND ROAR, THEY'RE SHOOTING DAY AND NIGHT, I GOT TWO GUNS AND WISH I HAD FOUR, BECAUSE I LIKE TO FIGHT!
WELL, CYCLONE, IF WE SHOWED ONE KID THAT THERE'S NOTHING BRAVE OR NOBLE ABOUT A KILLER, THEN WE DID A GOOD DAY'S WORK, EH, BOY?
THE END


THE TWO-GUN KID
THAT'S IT, KID... KEEP SMILING... JUST SO LONG AS YOU DON'T TURN AROUND... JUST SO LONG AS YOU DON'T SEE THAT GUN-BARREL POINTIN' YORE WAY!
ARIZONA—LAND OF STORM, SUNSHINE, AND SUDDEN DEATH! HERE BLOSSOM DESERT FLOWERS, BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, AND SMOKE FROM THE MOUTHS OF SNARLING SIX-SHOOTERS! ALL THIS THE *TWO-GUN KID* FINDS, AS HE TRAVELS THE TRAIL TO...
"GUNS, GOLD, AND GLORY!"
2979

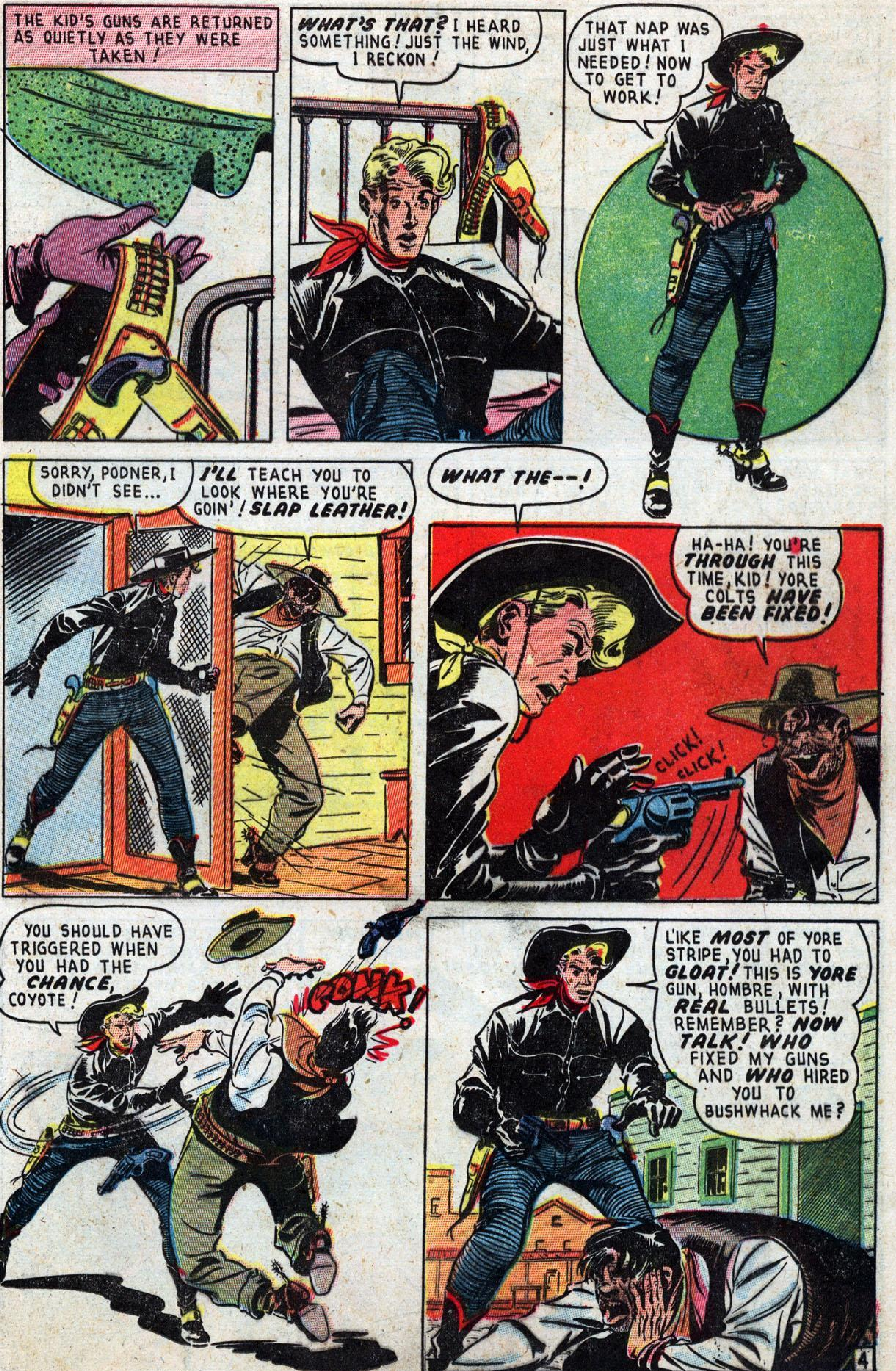

IN THE ONLY HOTEL IN CACTUS COUNTY, ARIZONA...
SO *YOU'RE THE TWO-GUN KID!* I'VE GOT A LETTER FER YOU THAT'S BEEN KICKIN' AROUND FER WEEKS!
THANKS, OLD TIMER!



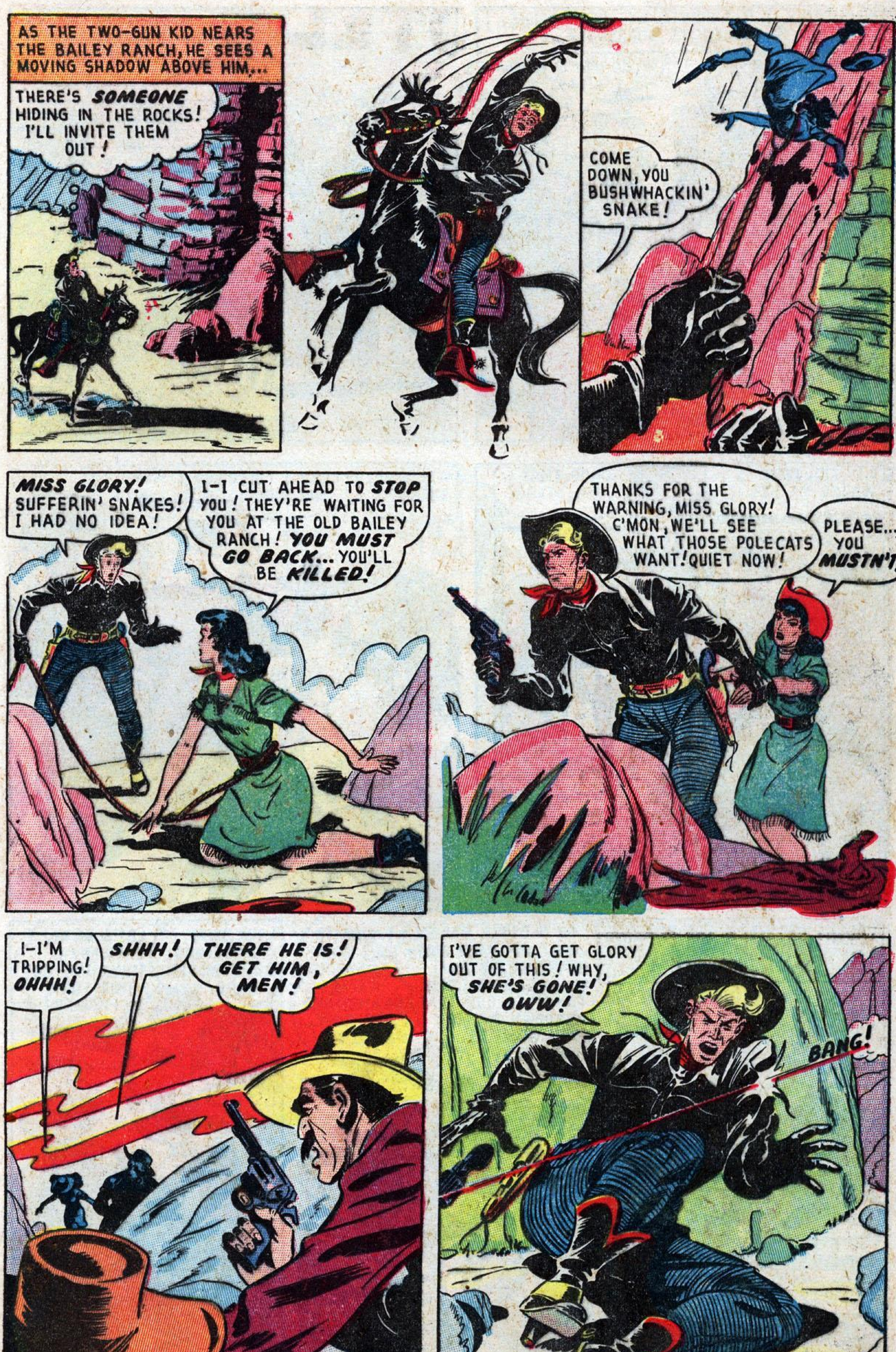
reed this I'll
be ded! yew
saved my life once
so am leavin' yew
my ranch. Can't
write anymore—
Bill Bailey


AFTER A GRUELING NIGHT'S RIDE, THE KID REACHES CACTUS CITY, CLOSE TO BILL BAILEY'S RANCH...
I WONDER WHO WAS OUT TO GET OLD BILL, AND WHY? WELL! A WELCOMING COMMITTEE!
BANG!
CACTUS CITY
THIS IS GETTING INTERESTING, CYCLONE! LET'S HEAD FOR THE HOTEL!
GENER
FIRST DOOR AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS, STRANGER!
A SHORT TIME LATER...
I'LL TAKE A LITTLE SIESTA, AND... COME IN!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
QUICK! YOU MUST LEAVE BEFORE YOU'RE KILLED! FORGET ABOUT THE BAILEY RANCH! THERE'S NOTHING HERE FOR YOU BUT DEATH!
GOSH, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL! WHO ARE YOU?
MY NAME IS GLORY! SOMEONE'S COMING! I MUST GO! REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU! LEAVE HERE AT ONCE! GOOD-BYE!
GLORY! THE NAME SURE FITS HER! NOW, WHO CAN THAT BE? COME IN, BEFORE YOU KNOCK DOWN THE DOOR!
KNOCK! KNOCK!

MY NAME'S STANG! I'LL PAY YOU $10,000 FOR THE OLD BAILEY PLACE!
YOU'RE FAST AND TO THE POINT, PODNER, BUT THAT'S ABOUT TWICE WHAT THE OLD RANCH IS WORTH! HOW COME?
I AIN'T HERE TO ANSWER QUESTIONS! TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT! BUT IF YOU DON'T TAKE IT, YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO TAKE POSSESSION!
GET OUT, MISTER, WHILE YOU CAN STILL WALK! I DON'T LIKE THREATS!
WHY, YA---!
LIKE THAT, HUH?
I ALWAYS NEED A LITTLE ACTION BEFORE I TAKE A NAP!
ADIOS, FRIEND! DROP IN AGAIN SOMETIME!
AH, THIS FEELS GOOD AFTER AN ALL NIGHT RIDE!
SOON, THE TIRED TWO-GUN KID SINKS INTO SLUMBER! THEN...


THE KID'S GUNS ARE RETURNED AS QUIETLY AS THEY WERE TAKEN!
WHAT'S THAT? I HEARD SOMETHING! JUST THE WIND, I RECKON!
THAT NAP WAS JUST WHAT I NEEDED! NOW TO GET TO WORK!
SORRY, PODNER, I DIDN'T SEE...
I'LL TEACH YOU TO LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'! SLAP LEATHER!
WHAT THE--!
HA-HA! YOU'RE THROUGH THIS TIME, KID! YORE COLTS HAVE BEEN FIXED!
CLICK! CLICK!
YOU SHOULD HAVE TRIGGERED WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE, COYOTE!
BONK!
LIKE MOST OF YORE STRIPE, YOU HAD TO GLOAT! THIS IS YORE GUN, HOMBRE, WITH REAL BULLETS! REMEMBER? NOW TALK! WHO FIXED MY GUNS AND WHO HIRED YOU TO BUSHWHACK ME?

DON'T SHOOT! I'LL TELL! IT WAS **BLANCHARD!**
WHO'S BLANCHARD? I **DON'T KNOW** THE JASPER!
OTEL
BLANCHARD IS... **OHHHH!**
BANG!
WHAT GOES ON HERE, STRANGER?
FIGURE IT OUT **YORESELF,** SHERIFF! I'VE GOT A DATE TO SEE A RATTLESNAKE NAME OF BLANCHARD!
MOMENTS LATER...
I'LL GET SOME ANSWERS TO THIS MYSTERY OR **BLAST THIS TOWN WIDE OPEN!**
SALO
BLANCHARD'S HAPPY HOUR SALOON
AH, **YOU'RE** THE **TWO-GUN KID**, I PRESUME! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, SUH! I'M HONEST JOHN BLANCHARD! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
YOU CAN ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS **FAST! WHY** DO YOU WANT ME KILLED? WHAT HAPPENED TO BILL BAILEY, AND...
HOLD IT, KID! I WANT YOU FOR **MURDER! OWW!**
NOT NOW, SHERIFF! I'M BUSY!
BANG!
LET'S GO, CYCLONE! THERE'S **SOMETHING** AT THE OLD BAILEY RANCH THAT'LL SOLVE THIS MYSTERY, AND I AIM TO FIND OUT **WHAT IT IS!**


AS THE TWO-GUN KID NEARS THE BAILEY RANCH, HE SEES A MOVING SHADOW ABOVE HIM...
THERE'S SOMEONE HIDING IN THE ROCKS! I'LL INVITE THEM OUT!
COME DOWN, YOU BUSHWHACKIN' SNAKE!
MISS GLORY! SUFFERIN' SNAKES! I HAD NO IDEA!
I-I CUT AHEAD TO STOP YOU! THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOU AT THE OLD BAILEY RANCH! YOU MUST GO BACK... YOU'LL BE KILLED!
THANKS FOR THE WARNING, MISS GLORY! C'MON, WE'LL SEE WHAT THOSE POLECATS WANT! QUIET NOW!
PLEASE... YOU MUSTN'T!
I-I'M TRIPPING! OHHH!
SHHH!
THERE HE IS! GET HIM, MEN!
I'VE GOTTA GET GLORY OUT OF THIS! WHY, SHE'S GONE! OWW!
BANG!

WOUNDED, AND SURROUNDED BY UNSEEN GUNS, THE KID IS FORCED TO SURRENDER...
GIT GOIN' OVER TO THE CABIN!
PLUG HIM IF HE MAKES A FAST MOVE! I'VE GOTTA GO SEE THE BOSS!
INSIDE THE CABIN...
I'LL PLUG HIM LIKE YA SAY, BOSS! I'LL SEE YA IN TOWN LATER!
SECONDS LATER!
O.K., KID, **THIS** IS WHERE YA GET IT!
DROP THAT GUN, STANG!
WELCOME, SHERIFF!
LUCKY I FOLLOWED YOU, KID!
CAUGHT BETWEEN THE BLAZING CROSSFIRE, THE OUTLAWS ARE SOON SUBDUED!
C'MON, SHERIFF, THE **BOSS** OF THIS OUTFIT JUST LEFT FOR TOWN!
RIGHT WITH YOU! MY DEPUTY WILL BRING IN THOSE HOMBRES THAT ARE STILL ALIVE!
SO OLD BILL BAILEY ***JUS' UP AND DISAPPEARED*** AN' BLANCHARD'S BEEN TRYIN' TO BUY THAT RUNDOWN RANCH EVER SINCE! I DON'T SAVVY WHY!
I ***AIM*** TO GET SOME ANSWERS FROM BLANCHARD ***THIS*** TIME... ***OR ELSE!***
LOOK, THAT CAYUSE HAS BEEN RIDDEN HARD!
LET'S GO IN, SHERIFF! I THINK I'VE GOT THIS THING FIGURED!

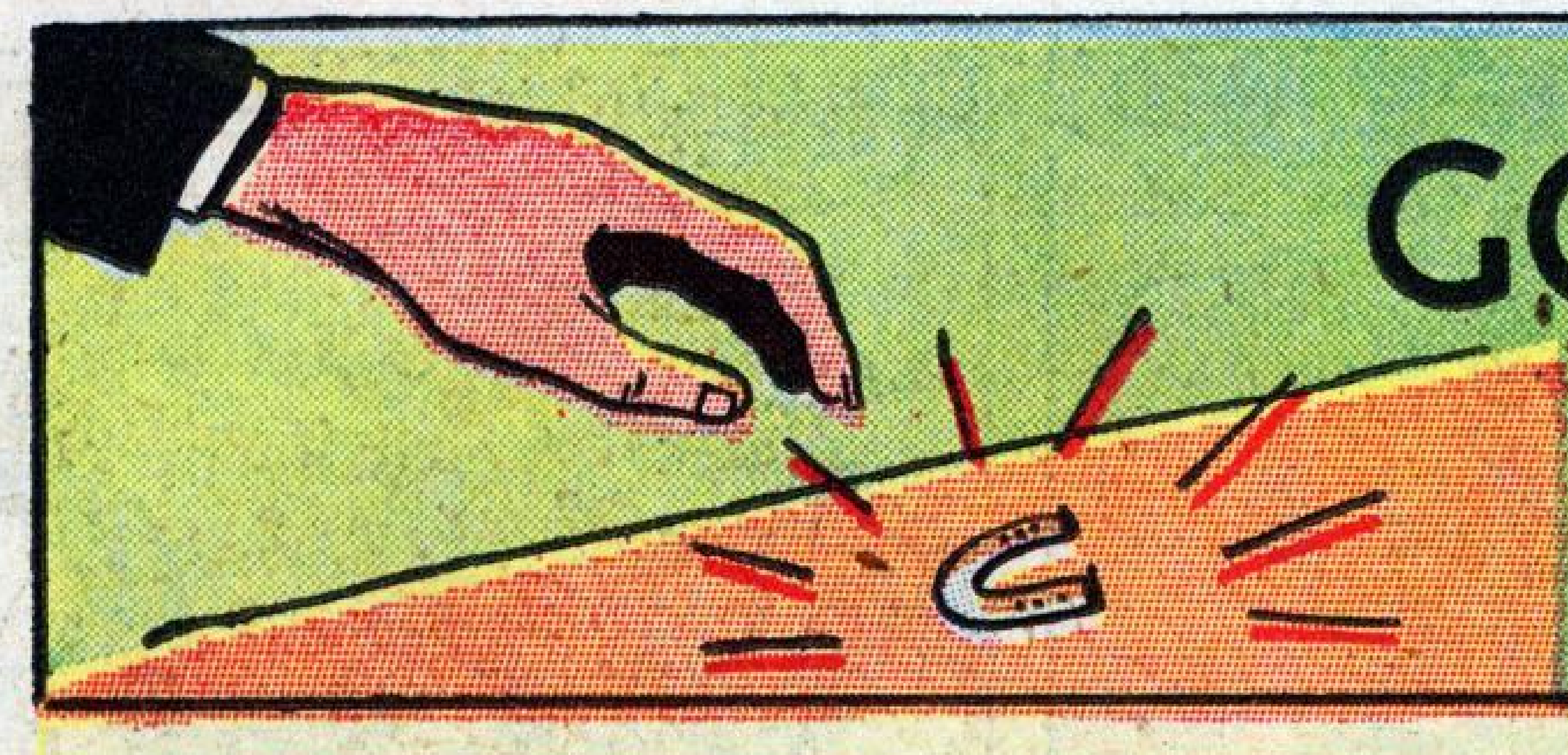
INSIDE THE SALOON...
THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE, BLANCHARD! I'VE GOT THE LAW WITH ME THIS TIME!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL TALK! ANYWAY, I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING...
PLEASE DON'T BE HARD ON MY BROTHER JOHN! HE DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT HE WAS DOING!
BUT YOU DID, MISS GLORY! TAKE HER, SHERIFF! SHE'S THE BLANCHARD WHO IS BOSS OF THE OUTLAWS!
YOU'RE TOO SMART FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, TWO-GUN KID! NOW I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU, AND THE SHERIFF, AND MY LOVING BROTHER! OF COURSE IT WILL LOOK AS THOUGH YOU THREE SHOT IT OUT!
BEFORE I KILL YOU, I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU THAT THE OLD BAILEY RANCH IS LOADED WITH GOLD! THAT'S WHY I WANTED IT, AND... OHHH!
THAT'S ALL, GENTLEMEN! MY HALF SISTER WAS ROTTEN TO THE CORE! SHE USED MY NAME FOR HER NEFARIOUS SCHEMES, AND I WAS HELPLESS TO PREVENT IT!
WE'LL CALL IT SELF-DEFENSE!
I RECKONED YOU WERE TOO STOUT TO RIDE, ESPECIALLY THAT SMALL MARE OUTSIDE! BESIDES, I SAW HER TRACKS IN THE DUST AT THE OLD BAILEY PLACE!
BILL BAILEY ISN'T DEAD! YOU'LL FIND HIM IN THE CELLAR, WHERE GLORY KEPT HIM PRISONER WHILE TRYING TO MAKE HIM SIGN THE RANCH OVER TO HER!
LATER...
BAILEY, YOU KIN THANK THE KID FOR EVERYTHING, ESPECIALLY FER DOIN' HIM OUT OF A GOLD MINE, NOW THAT YOU'RE ALIVE, HA, HA!
WHAT WOULD I DO WITH A GOLD MINE? ALL I WANT IS A GOOD HORSE, MY SIX-GUNS, AND PLENTY OF RANGE TO ROAM IN! ADIOS, AMIGOS!
THE END

THE SHERIFF
IN
"GUN GUARD FOR BOOT-HILL!"
JOLTING, SWAYING, THE STAGECOACH RUMBLES FORWARD! A SYMBOL OF MAN'S PROGRESS IN THE GOLDEN WEST! ITS CARGO? SOMETIMES DREAMS, SOMETIMES VIOLENCE, AND SOMETIMES, AS THE SHERIFF FINDS OUT, DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!
SL-3043
SHERIFF! COME QUICK! IT'S THE STAGE COACH!
WHAT'S WRONG, ZEB?
OUTSIDE HIS OFFICE, THE SHERIFF SEES A SHOCKING SIGHT...
SHERIFF
SHERIFF– IT HAPPENED AGAIN– THEY HELD UP THE COACH AGAIN, AND KILLED MY ESCORT!
1

THIS IS THE *THIRD* ONE IN TWO WEEKS, SHERIFF! WE'VE GOTTA DO *SOMETHING*!
WE *WILL*, ZEB— *WE WILL*!
COME INTO MY OFFICE, LARS! I WANNA HEAR HOW IT HAPPENED...
RIGHT WITH YA, SHERIFF!
SHERIFF
IT HAPPENED JUST LIKE THE OTHER TWO TIMES! TWO MASKED MEN RODE UP AND TOLD ME TO STOP! THEY SAID IT WAS A HOLDUP! WHEN MY ESCORT REACHED FOR HIS GUN, THEY BOTH PLUGGED 'IM!
NATURALLY *I GAVE* 'EM THE GOLD CARGO I WAS CARRYING! NO SENSE IN *ME* BEING A *DEAD HERO*, WAS THERE?
NOPE! RECKON *NOT*, LARS!
YOU CAN GO NOW, LARS— I'LL BE SEEIN' YA!
SO LONG, SHERIFF!
I JUST EXAMINED THE DEAD ESCORT, SHERIFF!
THE DOC TOOK THE BULLET OUTTA HIM... IT CAME FROM A .38 CALIBRE SIX-SHOOTER!
IT DID, EH? HMM...
WHERE YA HEADIN' FOR, SHERIFF?
GOT A LITTLE JOB TA DO, ZEB!

LATER, AT THE "GOLD BIT SALOON"...
HELLO, BOB—I'M LOOKIN' FOR LARS JOHNSON!
HE'S OVER YONDER AT THE BAR, SHERIFF!
CHECK ALL GUNS HERE BEFORE DRINKING
LARS, I'M TIRED OF THAT GOLD BULLION-CARRYING COACH BEING ROBBED SO OFTEN! I'M GONNA MAKE THE NEXT RIDE WITH YOU—AS YORE ESCORT! WHEN'S YORE NEXT TRIP?
RIGHT NOW, SHERIFF! GOTTA TAKE SOME BULLION TO CACTUS CITY...
I'M GLAD YOU'RE COMIN' WITH ME, SHERIFF! I FEEL A LOT SAFER!
I AIM TO GIT THE DROP ON ANY COYOTES THAT TRY ANYTHING THIS TIME!
ELLS FARGO
LATER...
WE'RE COMING TO OUTLAW COUNTRY NOW, SHERIFF!
FUNNY! I THOUGHT I'D HERDED UP ALL THE OUTLAWS 'ROUND THESE PARTS MONTHS AGO!
THERE'S ONE YOU DIDN'T ROUND UP, SHERIFF...ME!
WHAT'S THE GUN FOR, LARS?
I'M THE HOMBRE THAT'S BEEN STEALIN' THE GOLD BULLION, YOU EMPTY-HEADED COYOTE! TOO BAD YOU VOLUNTEERED FOR THIS TRIP! NOW I'LL HAVE TO DRILL YOU!
TOO BAD I CAN ONLY HANG YA ONCE, YA MANGY VULTURE!
REACHIN' FER THAT GUN AIN'T AGOIN' TO HELP YA NONE! YOU'RE GETTIN' YORES NOW!

SO LONG, SHERIFF! WHA... IT- IT'S JAMMED!
CLICK! CLICK!
NO, LARS... IT'S NOT JAMMED! I EMPTIED IT AT THE SALOON BEFORE I SPOKE TO YA!
HOW-HOW DID YA KNOW?
I'LL EXPLAIN ON THE WAY BACK TO TOWN!
WHAM!
THIS IS JUST IN CASE YOU THINK I WAS KIDDING WITH THAT FIRST PUNCH!
BAM!
YA SEE, I KNEW YOU WERE LYING WHEN YOU SAID BOTH OUTLAWS SHOT YORE LAST ESCORT, BECAUSE ZEB SAID THE DOC FOUND ONLY ONE BULLET IN HIM! AND ONLY THE COYOTE WHO DID THE THIEVIN' HIMSELF WOULD HAVE ANY REASON TO LIE!
LATER, BACK AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN TOWN...
HEY, SHERIFF! AIN'T YOU COMIN' TO WATCH? THEY'RE HANGIN' LARS JOHNSON NOW!
NAW! THEY'LL HAVE TA HANG 'IM WITHOUT ME! I'M TOO BUSY READING THIS STORY 'BOUT A STAGE-COACH HOLDUP! IT'S TOO EXCITING TO PUT DOWN! BOY! THEM OLD TIME COWBOY SHERIFFS SURE WUZ REAL MEN!
WESTERN
ERIFF
THE END



GOOD LUCK TO ME

THE little thing in the road attracted George Parks' attention because the moonlight glinted on it, making it sparkle. He stooped, picked it up. It was a small tie pin, a silvery bauble in the shape of a tiny horseshoe. It didn't look worth very much. Parks was wearing a neat stickpin of his own in his blue four-in-hand necktie. He was about to toss the bauble away when a thought occurred to him. A horseshoe for luck. That was the idea of the thing. He smiled grimly and fastened it into the bottom of his tie. "Good luck to me!" he murmured. And he added, "Especially tonight. I sure need it!"

He did indeed. You need plenty of luck to commit murder and get away with it! And that was what George Parks had decided to do. He had persuaded himself it was a thing that had to be done. He was engaged to marry Babs Livingston. A sudden but minor operation had sent her to the hospital this afternoon, which left her grandfather at home alone. Babs would be rich when she was eighteen, in another month now. With her as his wife, Parks wouldn't have to worry about money. Why work and struggle for money when your wife has plenty? Little Babs was easy to handle. He had already borrowed a good deal of her jewelry on one pretext or another. But the cursed old man was the stumbling block. He had come out into the open this afternoon. He'd been snooping into Parks' past, which Parks had to admit wasn't too savory. Now he threatened to tell Babs about it. And if that wouldn't stop her rushing into this marriage, then the old man had the power to keep her money from her! He'd do it—and all Parks would get would be a delicate young wife, penniless. "Go ahead and support her," Livingston had jibbed.

But George Parks had different ideas! Simple enough, with Livingston dead! Babs would be doubly rich—the Trust Fund from her dead father, and her inheritance from her grandfather as well!

The last of the village houses was behind Parks now, as he followed the river road out from town. Then he saw the lights of the Livingston cottage, set alone in a grove of trees. Parks had been staying here for a week, at Babs' invitation.

It was about eleven-thirty when Parks entered the front door of the cottage. Livingston's voice called from his nearby study:

"That you, George?"

"Yes," Parks said. Queer how tense his voice sounded! *Don't get excited now! Take it easy! Just one stab of the knife! Don't let him scream!*

He opened the study door. The room was dim, with just one light that fell on the old man's scraggly white hair, his thin bent figure. Livingston was an inventor of games and puzzles. He seemed to be working on one of them now. The table before him had a big wood-carving knife and other tools. Livingston was playing with some home-made gadget—a small, open top cardboard box. One of his hands was under it, moving around; and he was chuckling as he peered down into the box.

Now! Just one stab into his heart! . . . Parks' turgid thoughts were racing. But it was very easy! Maybe the absorbed old man never even noticed him casually picking up the knife! But then he saw the knife coming and he tried to get out of his chair. The slash grazed his throat; and then Parks stabbed the blade into his chest and for an instant clung to the knife-handle. The room was red and blurred to Parks as he staggered back and the thin old figure before him crumpled and fell. There was just a little thump, and old man Livingston was lying there on the floor in a welter, with the knife-blade buried in his heart . . .

The thing was finished! For a moment Parks stood panting, but then he steadied. Nothing to do now but wipe his fingerprints off that knife handle. He found a rag on the table. Carefully he bent down over the body. He mustn't get any blood on himself! He left the rag lying there. Then with a last look around, he went back out into the hall. The study door had a spring lock which snapped as he closed it. Parks' hat was there in the hall; he had left nothing of his in the study. No one could possibly prove that he had been in there tonight! He was perfectly safe!

He sat at the hall telephone, calling the Oak Lane police, babbling out the terrible news that he had just come home and through the window could see that old Mr. Livingston was lying dead in his study, with a knife in his chest!

. . . "Let's get this straight," the Police Sergeant said. "When you arrived, the study door was locked . . ."

"Yes," Parks said. "I could see there was a light inside. I pounded. Then I got worried, went outside, took a look in the window. I 'phoned you right away."

They had broken open the study door now. There was this Sergeant Johnson and about four of his men. And a fingerprint man. He was very busy—much good it would do him! Parks was standing with Johnson at the door of the study. The body was still here; nobody had touched it, they were waiting for the Coroner to arrive.

Everything was going fine for Parks! These policemen were theorizing that the killer must have been some visitor . . . a quarrel, perhaps over some business deal . . . the killer had hastily wiped his fingerprints off the knife-handle and fled, with the study door locking as he closed it . . .

"I believe Mr. Livingston did mention something about a business visitor tonight," Parks said carefully. "But I don't know his name—not a thing about him." It was a neat touch; gave them somebody to try and find.

"Here's a little game or somethin'," one of the policemen said. "Looks like Livingston had it in his hand when he fell."

Parks remembered that little cardboard box gadget. It was lying on the floor beside the body—gruesome little box now, with blood splattered on it.

Parks saw now that it was the crude model of a game. The inside of the box was drawn to look like a doll's house room. Three tiny metal figures lay in the box.

"Here's his notes on how to work it," the Sergeant said.

On the floor, they found a small length of metal, the size of half a lead pencil. "That's a bar magnet," the Sergeant said as he read the notes. "I got the dope, lemme see how it works."

Parks joined them as the Sergeant moved the magnet under the box and the little metal figures jumped erect, walked around inside the box, following the magnet underneath them.

"Say, that's nifty," Parks murmured.

"Sure is," the policeman agreed.

The sergeant was reading from the notes: *"There are four small metal figures. The object of the game . . ."*

Four tiny metal figures! But now there were only three! The policemen searched, but they couldn't find the fourth! Then they were whispering. Why should they whisper? And then Johnson's keen-eyed gaze seemed to be roving Parks. A questing gaze. And suddenly he looked startled; his jaw dropped. He gasped,

"Well I'll be jiggered—there it is!" His flashlight cylinder swung up, clung to the flaring bottom of Parks' four-in-hand necktie. A horseshoe for luck! That little horseshoe bauble which Parks had found in the road and hooked into the bottom of his tie—it was more than a horseshoe! And he remembered how he had stooped over the body, with his necktie dangling down . . .

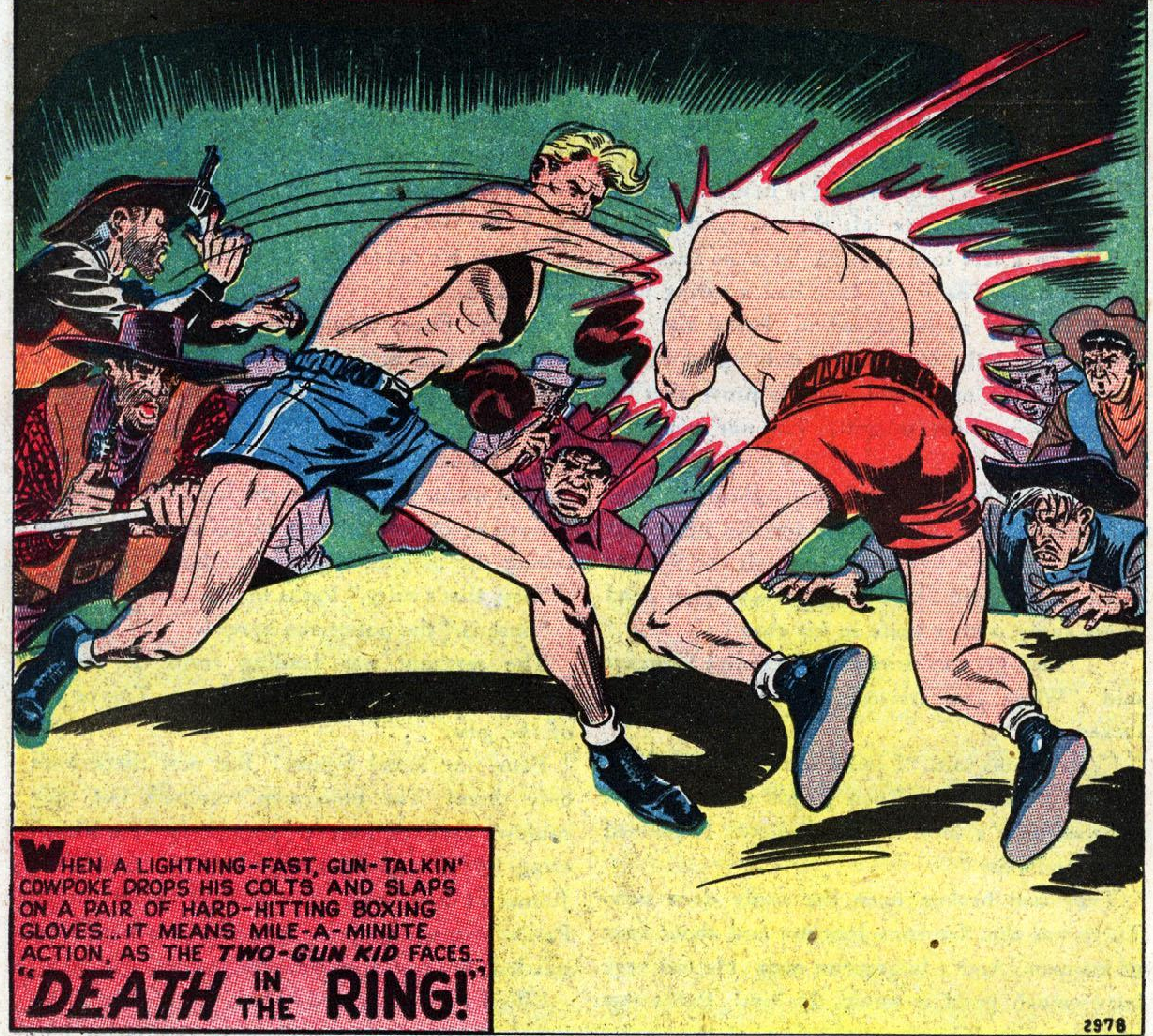
"We've got you!" the Sergeant was saying. "No argument on that!"

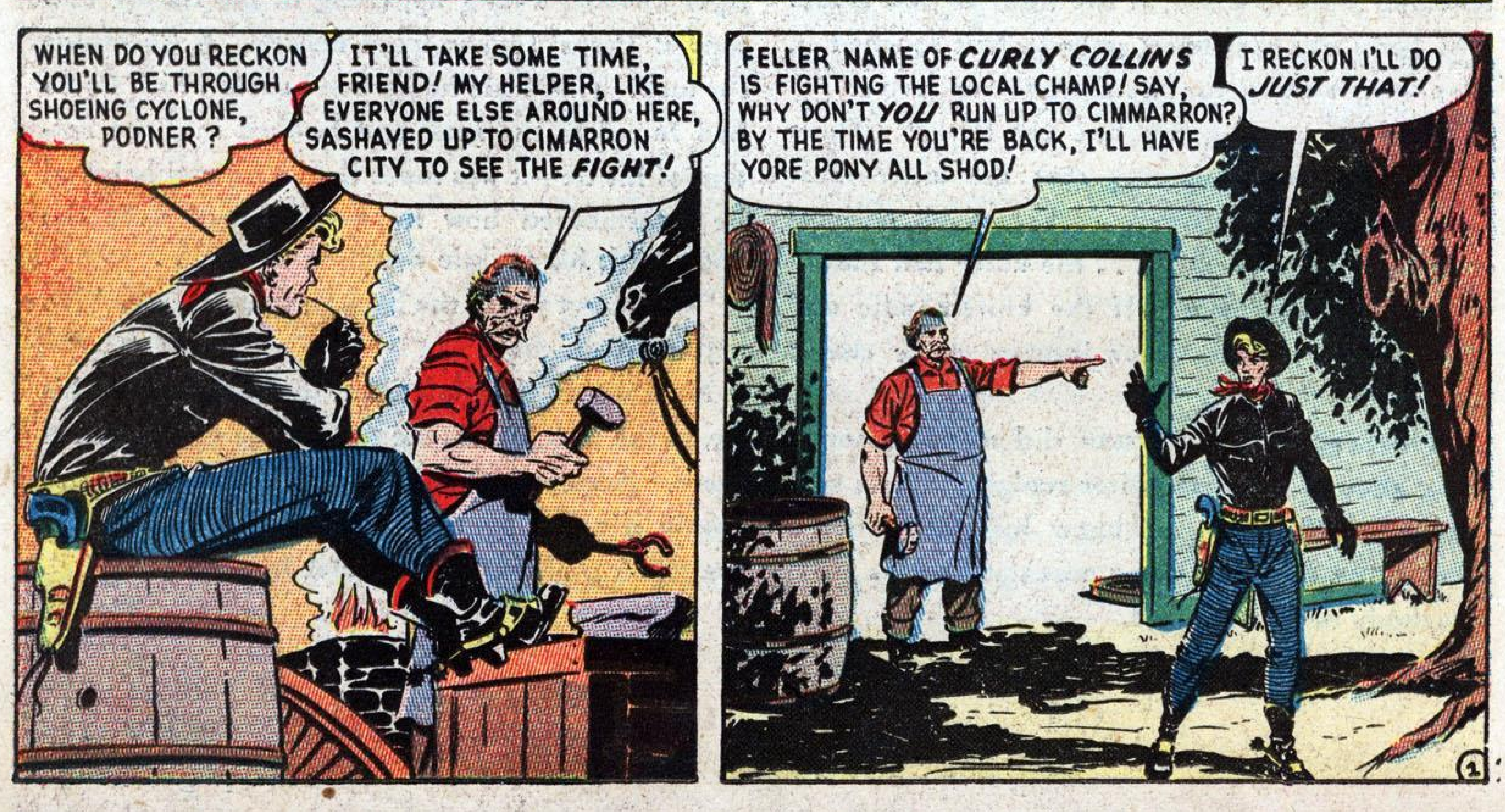
Numbly Parks stared at the bottom of his tie, at the little horseshoe magnet he had fastened there. Accursed little bauble! Against it now, firmly clinging by the magic of magnetism, was the missing bloodstained metal figure!

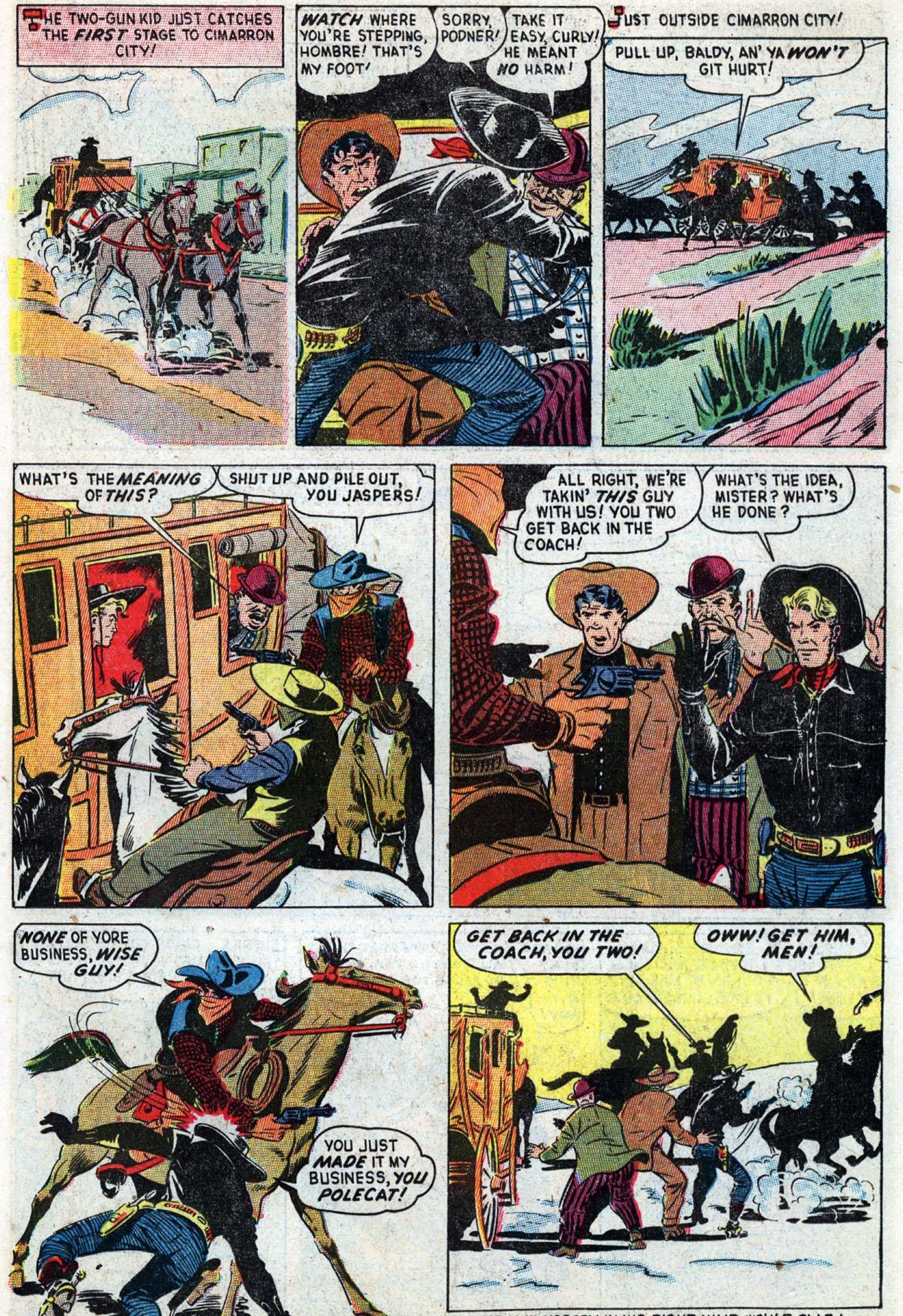
THE END

SL-2895

THE TWO-GUN KID


WHEN A LIGHTNING-FAST, GUN-TALKIN' COWPOKE DROPS HIS COLTS AND SLAPS ON A PAIR OF HARD-HITTING BOXING GLOVES...IT MEANS MILE-A-MINUTE ACTION, AS THE *TWO-GUN KID* FACES...
"DEATH IN THE RING!"
2978

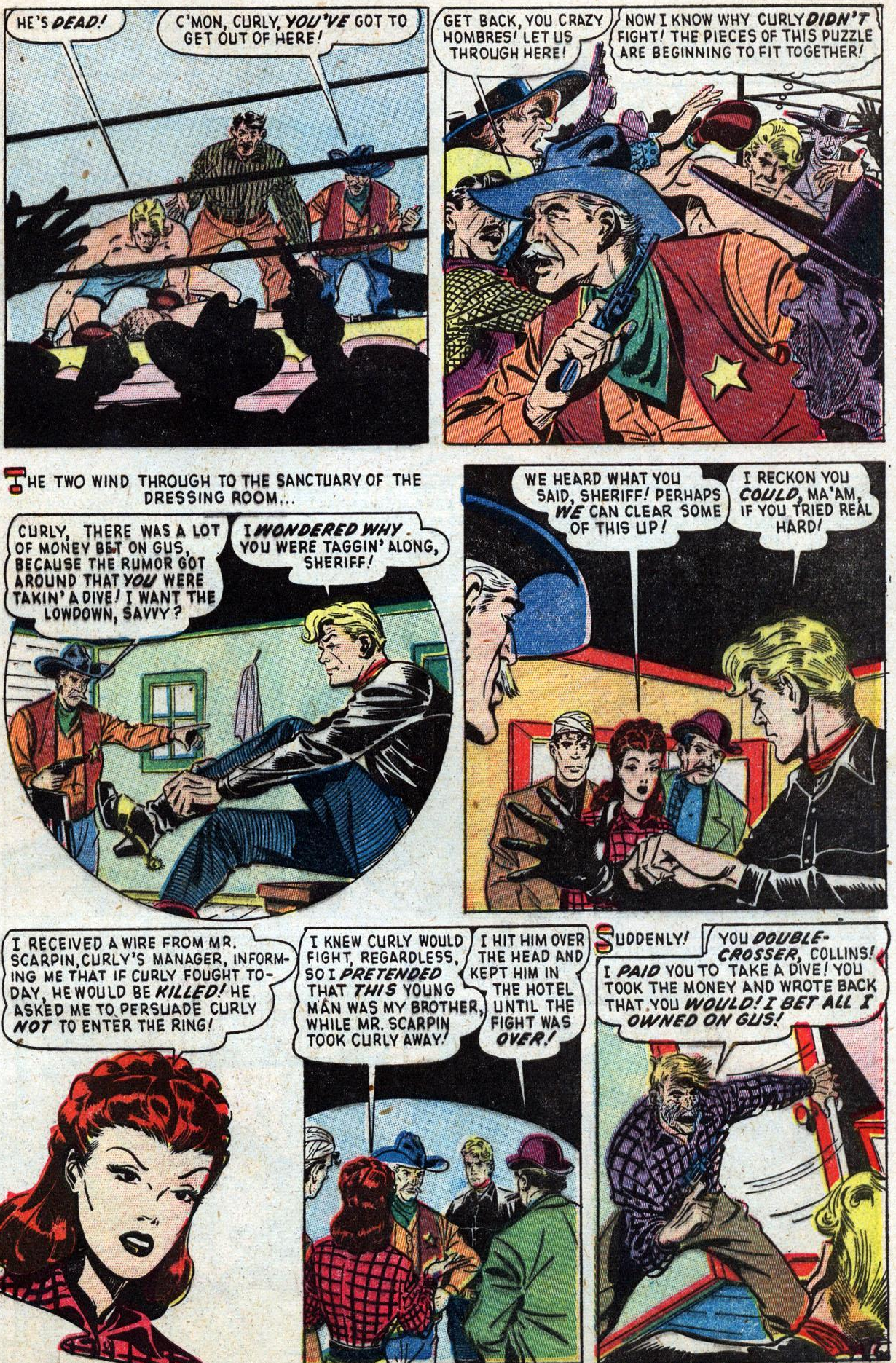

WHEN DO YOU RECKON YOU'LL BE THROUGH SHOEING CYCLONE, PODNER?
IT'LL TAKE SOME TIME, FRIEND! MY HELPER, LIKE EVERYONE ELSE AROUND HERE, SASHAYED UP TO CIMARRON CITY TO SEE THE *FIGHT!*
FELLER NAME OF *CURLY COLLINS* IS FIGHTING THE LOCAL CHAMP! SAY, WHY DON'T *YOU* RUN UP TO CIMMARRON? BY THE TIME YOU'RE BACK, I'LL HAVE YORE PONY ALL SHOD!
I RECKON I'LL DO *JUST THAT!*
1


THE TWO-GUN KID JUST CATCHES THE *FIRST* STAGE TO CIMARRON CITY!
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE STEPPING, HOMBRE! THAT'S MY FOOT!
SORRY, PODNER!
TAKE IT EASY, CURLY! HE MEANT *NO* HARM!
JUST OUTSIDE CIMARRON CITY!
PULL UP, BALDY, AN' YA *WON'T* GIT HURT!
WHAT'S THE *MEANING* OF *THIS*?
SHUT UP AND PILE OUT, YOU JASPERS!
ALL RIGHT, WE'RE TAKIN' *THIS* GUY WITH US! YOU TWO GET BACK IN THE COACH!
WHAT'S THE IDEA, MISTER? WHAT'S HE DONE?
NONE OF YORE BUSINESS, *WISE GUY!*
YOU JUST *MADE* IT MY BUSINESS, *YOU POLECAT!*
GET BACK IN THE COACH, YOU TWO!
OWW! GET HIM, MEN!
JUST LIKE NOBODY IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD SLAP A RATTLER, NOBODY IN HIS RIGHT MIND CAN GUN-BUTT THE TWO-GUN KID... AND GET AWAY WITH IT!

FIGHTING GUN-MADDENED HORSES, THE HOLDUP MEN'S SHOOTING IS WILD!
GET GOING, DRIVER!
THEY'RE NOT COMING AFTER US! I GUESS THEY GOT ENOUGH LEAD-SLINGING FOR NOW!
THANK YOU, FRIEND! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT WAS ALL ABOUT, BUT THEY SURE *WEREN'T PLAYIN'*!
BIG FIGHT TONIGHT
CIMARRON CITY, FOLKS! *ALL OUT!*
CURLY, CURLY! OH, IT'S *SO* GOOD TO SEE YOU!
CURLY MUST BE THE YOUNG GENT! THE LUCKY JASPER!
OH, CURLY, I THOUGHT YOU'D *NEVER* GET HERE!
ER... WELL, MA'AM, IF I'D KNOWN IT WAS GONNA BE LIKE *THIS*, I'D HAVE COME *SOONER*!
PLEASE, PLAY THIS *MY* WAY!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, MA'AM, BUT I'LL GO ALONG FOR THE RIDE!
SHERIFF, THIS IS MY *BROTHER*!
C'MON, COLLINS, FOLLOW ME! YOU'RE *LATE* AND THE CROWD'S GETTING UGLY!

YOU CAN GET UNDRESSED IN HERE!
GET UNDRESSED? WHY?
CAFE CAFE
SNAP OUT OF IT, COLLINS! Y'CAN'T FIGHT IN THOSE CLOTHES! HERE'S YORE GEAR! GET INTO IT!
CURLY COLLINS? FIGHT? CURLY COLLINS, THE FIGHTER! THAT'S WHO I'M SUPPOSED TO BE!
THE TWO-GUN KID IS SOON READY TO ENTER THE RING!
YORE SECOND IS WAITING AT THE RING! HURRY, WE'RE LATE!
I CAN'T FIGURE WHY THE GIRL GOT ME INTO THIS, OR WHO THE HOLDUP MEN WERE, AND WHY THEY WANTED THE REAL CURLY COLLINS!
HERE HE IS, FOLKS—CURLY COLLINS! AND IN THE OTHER CORNER, OUR LOCAL CHAMPION, GUS MATZO! COME OUT FIGHTING, BOYS!
THE BELL RINGS FOR ROUND ONE!
THE MAN WHO WAS WITH CURLY MUST BE HIS MANAGER!
I WONDER—OOOPS! BETTER CONCENTRATE ON THE FIGHT AND FIGURE OUT THE OTHER THINGS LATER!
I'LL MURDER YA!
SUDDENLY, THE KID UNLEASHES A TERRIFIC RIGHT!
HMMM! AS SOON AS I NAIL HIM, THE BELL RINGS! THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY WRONG WITH THIS SET-UP!
BONG!
CRACK
4

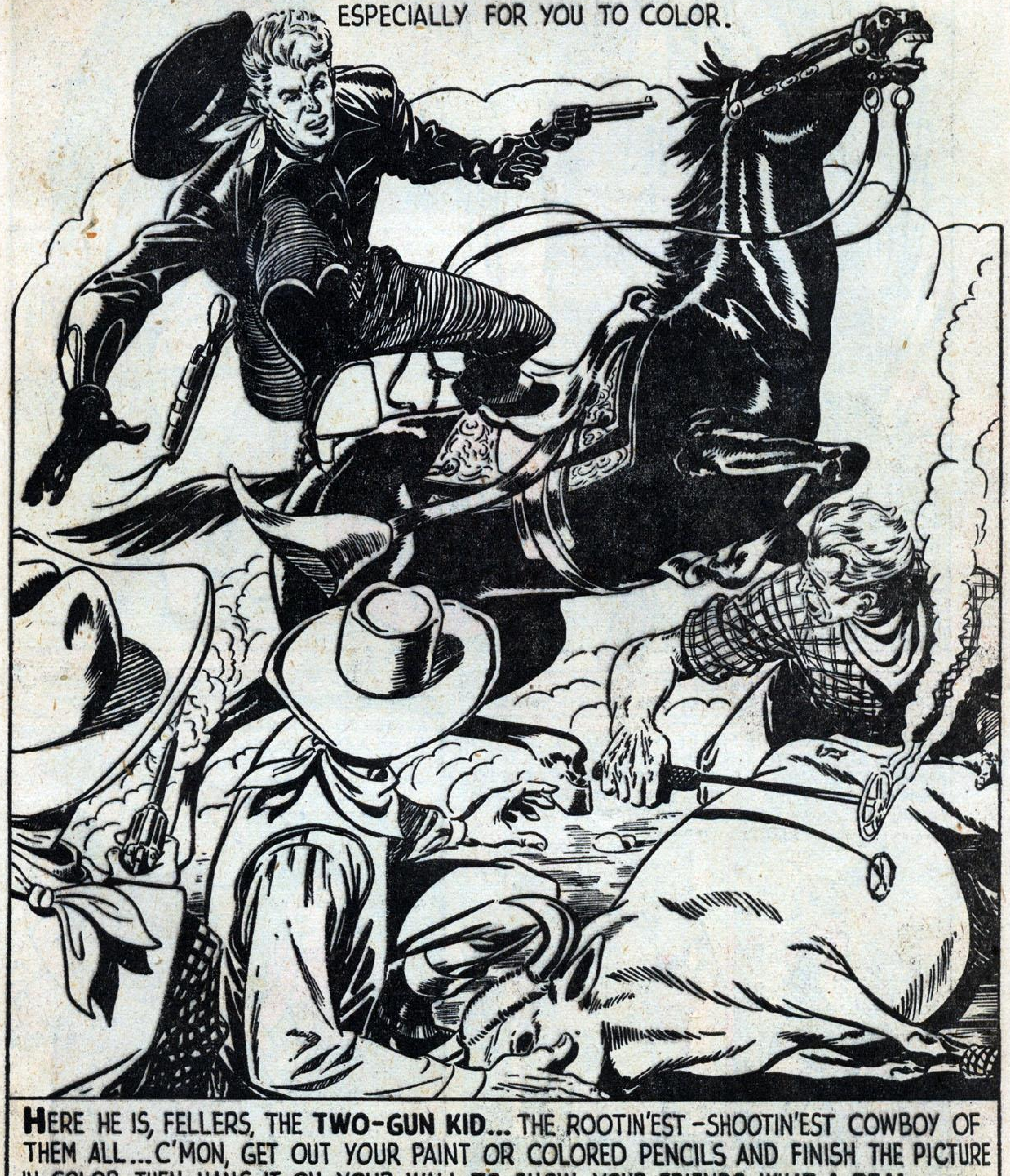
IN THE KID'S CORNER...
LEMME FIX THAT EYE!
MY EYE'S ALL RIGHT- YOU PUT AMMONIA IN MY EYES!
YOU POLE CAT! YOU TRIED TO BLIND ME!
BAM
HALF-BLINDED, THE TWO-GUN KID FACES HIS MURDEROUS OPPONENT!
I CAN'T SEE HIM!
HERE'S DA PAY-OFF PUNCH, PUNK!
THE KID IS UP TO AVOID A FAST COUNT, HIS EYES RAPIDLY CLEARING...
BANG!
YOU SHOULDN'T LEAD WITH YOUR CHIN, PODNER!
CRACK!
HE'S SHOT! THAT BULLET WAS MEANT FOR ME!


HE'S *DEAD!*
C'MON, CURLY, *YOU'VE* GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
GET BACK, YOU CRAZY HOMBRES! LET US THROUGH HERE!
NOW I KNOW WHY CURLY *DIDN'T* FIGHT! THE PIECES OF THIS PUZZLE ARE BEGINNING TO FIT TOGETHER!
THE TWO WIND THROUGH TO THE SANCTUARY OF THE DRESSING ROOM...
CURLY, THERE WAS A LOT OF MONEY BET ON GUS, BECAUSE THE RUMOR GOT AROUND THAT *YOU* WERE TAKIN' A DIVE! I WANT THE LOWDOWN, SAVVY?
I *WONDERED WHY* YOU WERE TAGGIN' ALONG, SHERIFF!
WE HEARD WHAT YOU SAID, SHERIFF! PERHAPS *WE* CAN CLEAR SOME OF THIS UP!
I RECKON YOU *COULD,* MA'AM, IF YOU TRIED REAL HARD!
I RECEIVED A WIRE FROM MR. SCARPIN, CURLY'S MANAGER, INFORMING ME THAT IF CURLY FOUGHT TODAY, HE WOULD BE *KILLED!* HE ASKED ME TO PERSUADE CURLY *NOT* TO ENTER THE RING!
I KNEW CURLY WOULD FIGHT, REGARDLESS, SO I *PRETENDED* THAT *THIS* YOUNG MAN WAS MY BROTHER, WHILE MR. SCARPIN TOOK CURLY AWAY!
I HIT HIM OVER THE HEAD AND KEPT HIM IN THE HOTEL UNTIL THE FIGHT WAS *OVER!*
SUDDENLY!
YOU *DOUBLE-CROSSER,* COLLINS! I *PAID* YOU TO TAKE A DIVE! YOU TOOK THE MONEY AND WROTE BACK THAT YOU *WOULD! I BET ALL I OWNED ON GUS!*

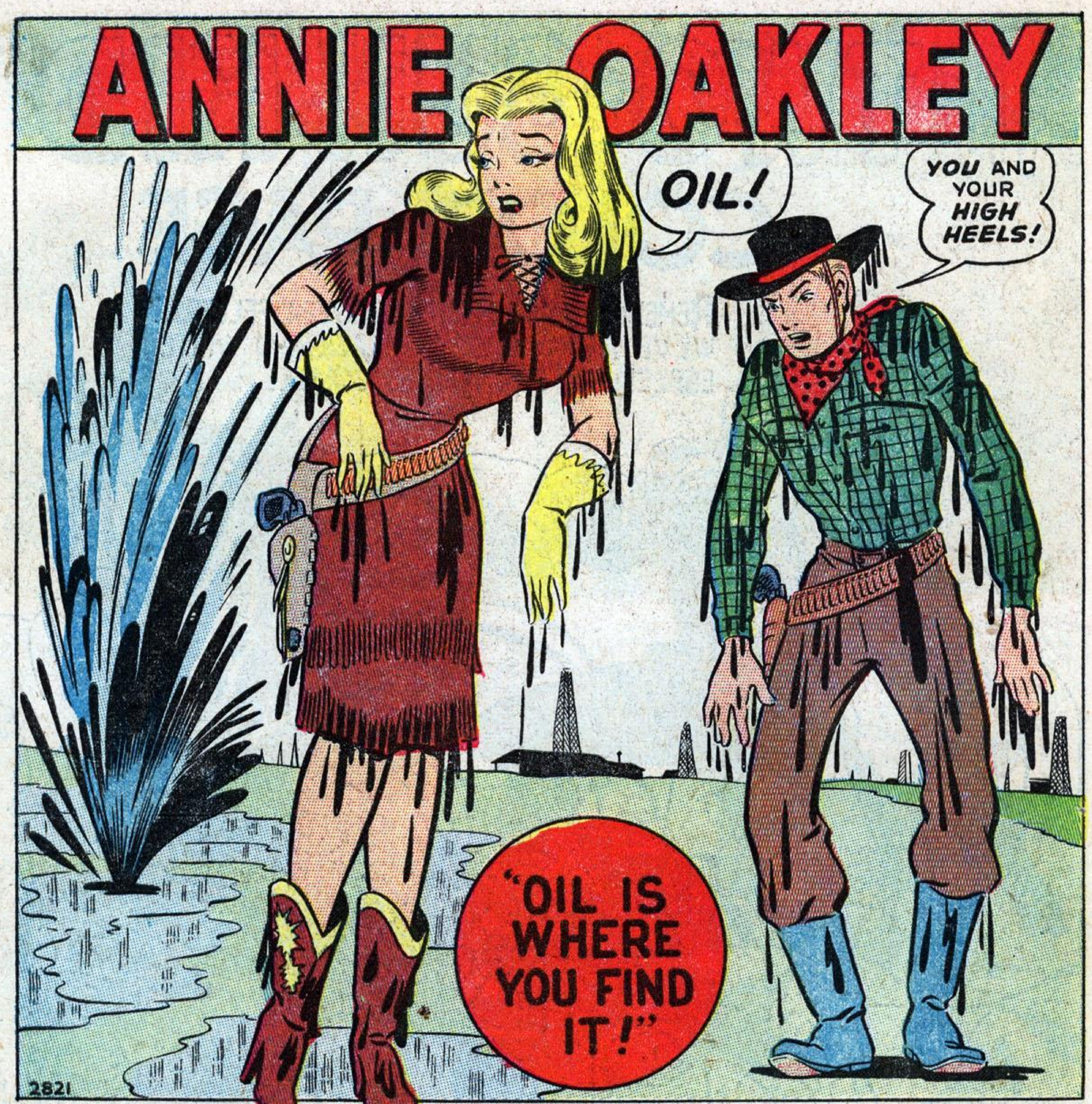
YOU GOT THE WRONG MAN, HOMBRE, BUT THIS IS PAYMENT FOR THAT AMMONIA TREATMENT!
BANG!
YOU BEHAVE, OR I'LL PLUG YOU!
I STILL DON'T GET THE WHOLE DEAL! SOMEBODY DIDN'T WANT CURLY TO SHOW UP FOR THE FIGHT! AND SOMEBODY TRIED TO KILL ME IN THE RING! WHY?
SINCE THAT SECOND NEVER SAW ME, THERE'S ONLY ONE GUY WHO...
YEH, YOU GUESSED IT! I TOOK THE BRIBE AND BET IT AND ALL MY OWN MONEY ON GUS! IF YOU DIDN'T SHOW UP, WE FORFEITED THE FIGHT!
THAT'S WHY I TRIED TO KEEP YOU AWAY! THOSE WERE MY MEN WHO HELD US UP, AND MY MAN WHO TRIED TO KILL THIS OTHER JASPER, THINKIN' IT WAS YOU! IF IT WASN'T FOR THE GIRL BUTTIN' IN...
WE GET THE PICTURE NOW, YOU POLECAT, SO YOU CAN DROP THE PERSUADER!
OWW!
I'M SORRY! I WAS PANICKY AND ACTED ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT! I JUST COULDN'T LET MY BROTHER...
I SAVVY, MA'AM... AND DON'T BE SORRY! I ENJOYED IT, ESPECIALLY THE BEGINNING!
LATER...
LOOKIT THAT PONY KISS YOU! I'LL BET YOU WISHED YOU HAD A GIRL TO GREET YOU THAT WAY!
NO THANKS, AMIGO! THIS WAY IT'S A LOT LESS DANGEROUS!
7
THE END

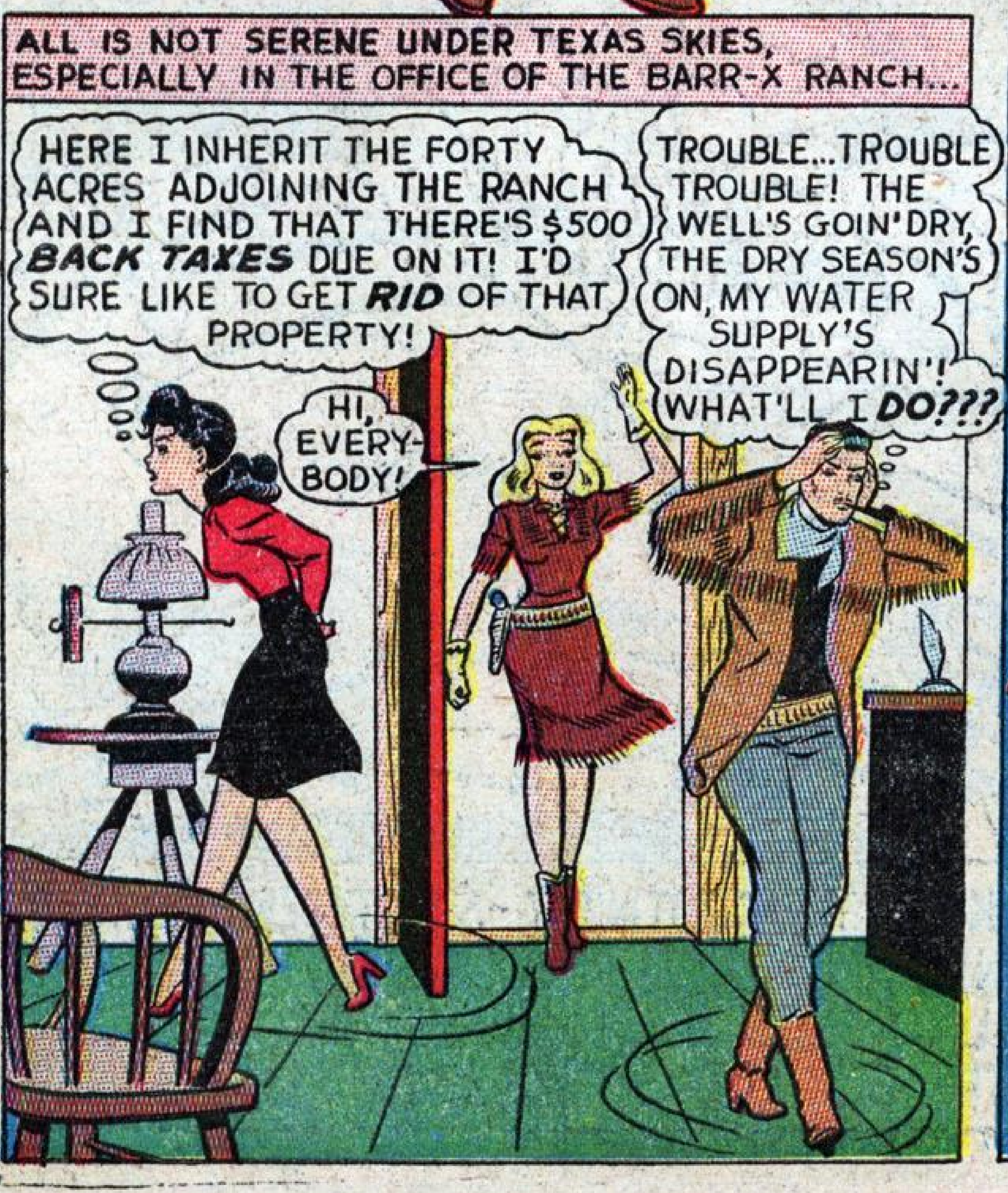
THE TWO-GUN KID
COLOR PAGE

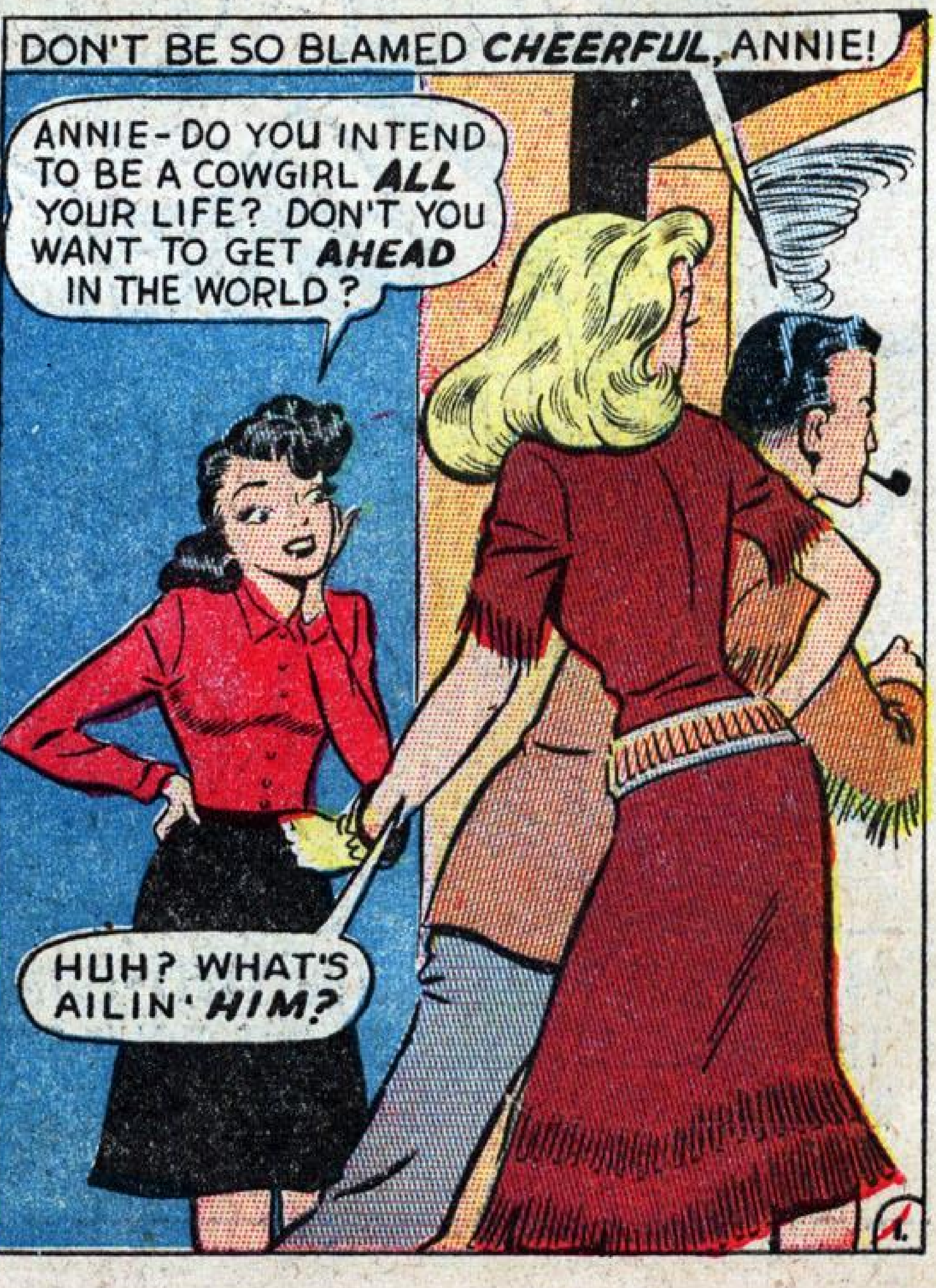
REMEMBER LAST MONTH'S COVER, FELLERS? WE'VE HAD IT MADE IN BLACK AND WHITE ESPECIALLY FOR YOU TO COLOR.



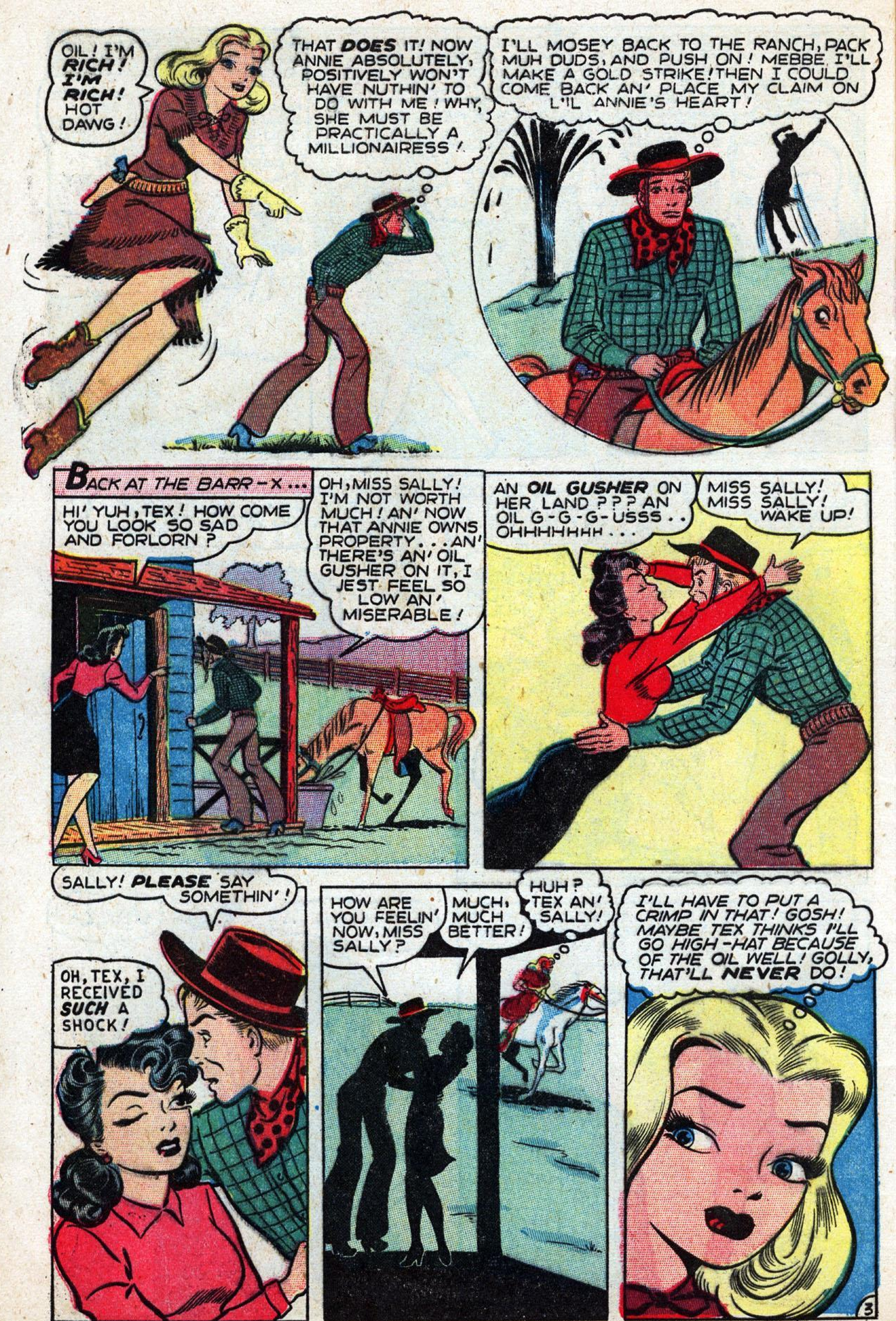
HERE HE IS, FELLERS, THE **TWO-GUN KID...** THE ROOTIN'EST-SHOOTIN'EST COWBOY OF THEM ALL...C'MON, GET OUT YOUR PAINT OR COLORED PENCILS AND FINISH THE PICTURE IN COLOR, THEN HANG IT ON YOUR WALL TO SHOW YOUR FRIENDS WHAT **A REAL FIGHTING WESTERNER** LOOKS LIKE!

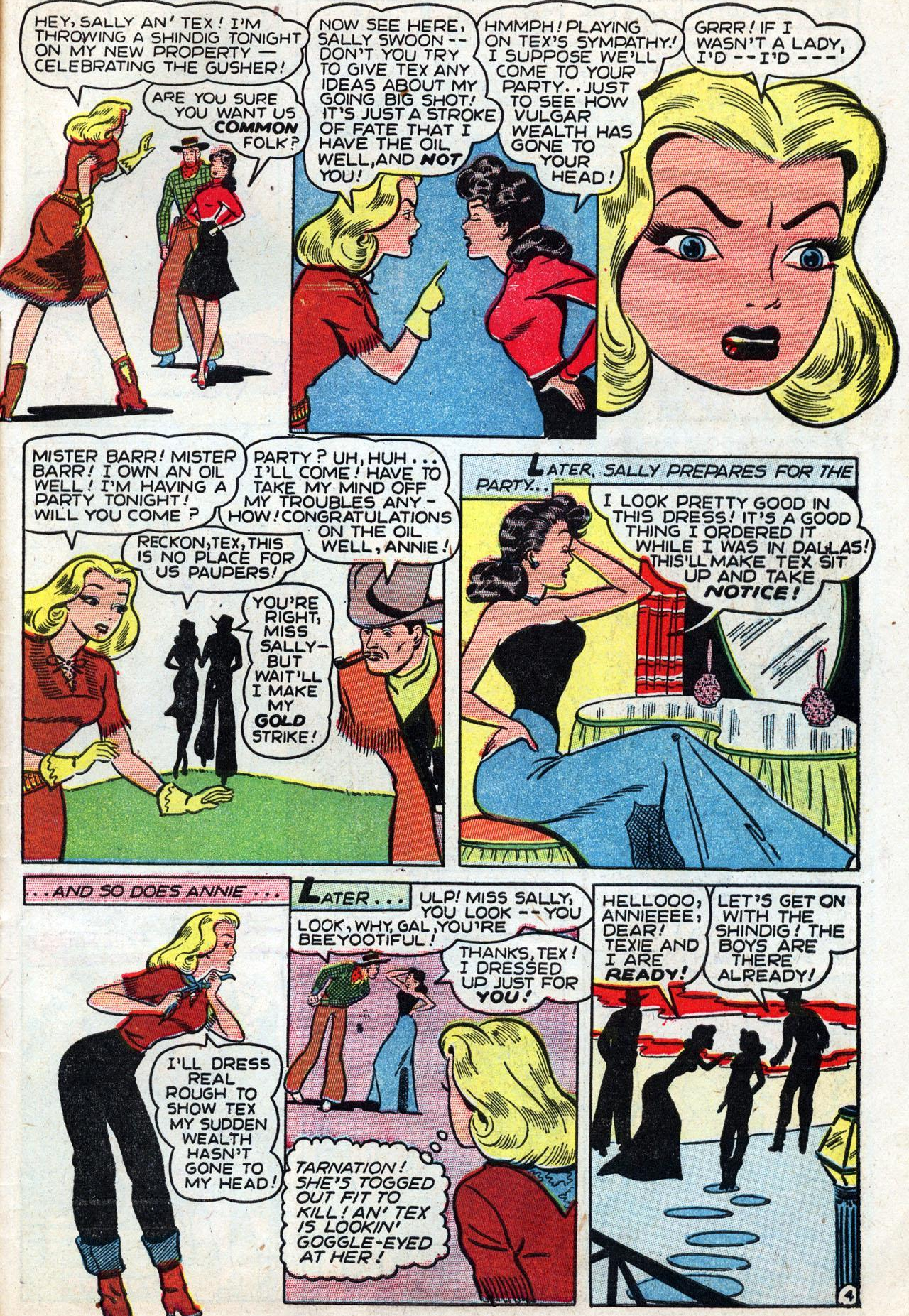

ANNIE OAKLEY
OIL!
YOU AND YOUR HIGH HEELS!
"OIL IS WHERE YOU FIND IT!"
2821

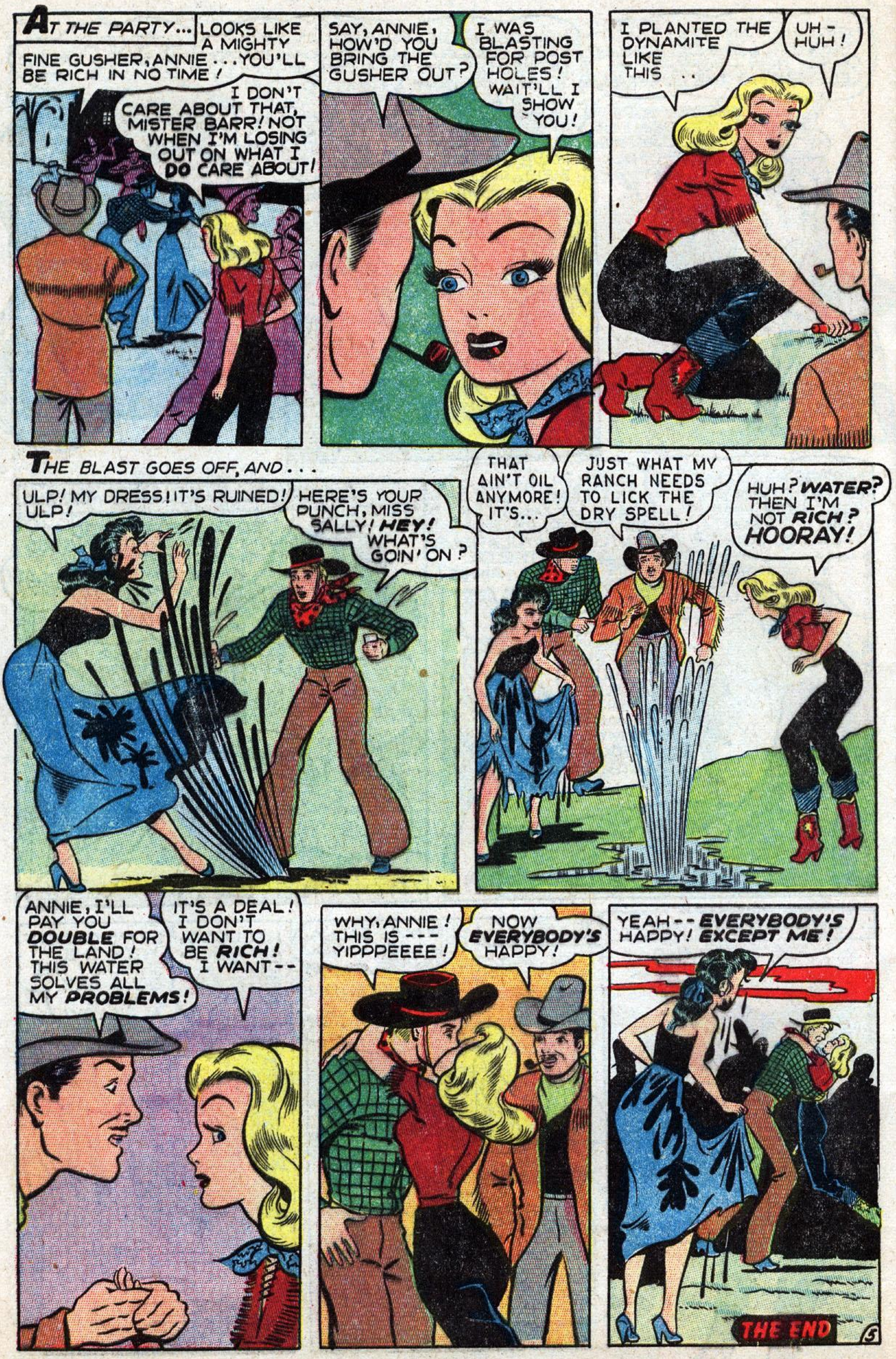

ALL IS NOT SERENE UNDER TEXAS SKIES, ESPECIALLY IN THE OFFICE OF THE BARR-X RANCH...
HERE I INHERIT THE FORTY ACRES ADJOINING THE RANCH AND I FIND THAT THERE'S $500 BACK TAXES DUE ON IT! I'D SURE LIKE TO GET RID OF THAT PROPERTY!
TROUBLE...TROUBLE TROUBLE! THE WELL'S GOIN' DRY, THE DRY SEASON'S ON, MY WATER SUPPLY'S DISAPPEARIN'! WHAT'LL I DO???
HI, EVERY-BODY!


DON'T BE SO BLAMED CHEERFUL, ANNIE!
ANNIE-DO YOU INTEND TO BE A COWGIRL ALL YOUR LIFE? DON'T YOU WANT TO GET AHEAD IN THE WORLD?
HUH? WHAT'S AILIN' HIM?
1.

SINCE WHEN ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT **ME**?
A GIRL LIKE YOU SHOULD **OWN** A RANCH ... AND TO HAVE A RANCH YOU NEED A **BEGINNING** - LAND! ANNIE, OLD DEAR, I HAVE **JUST** THE LAND YOU NEED AND I'M GOING TO SELL IT CHEAP!
SO, SALLY, SPITEFUL AND MEAN AS EVER, HIGH-PRESSURES ANNIE INTO BUYING THE LAND . . .
GOSH! IT'S MINE FOR ONLY A DOLLAR AN ACRE! SALLY MUST BE **LOCO**!
WELL, FORTY BUCKS IS BETTER'N NOTHIN'! WAIT'LL ANNIE FINDS OUT ABOUT THE TAXES SHE'LL HAVE TO PAY!
LATER - ANNIE RIDES OUT TO INSPECT HER NEW PROPERTY . . .
HI, ANNIE! HOW COME YOU'RE UP IN **THESE** PARTS?
TEX, MUH BOY, YOU'RE NOW TRESPASSIN' ON **MY** PROPERTY! I'M SOLE OWNER OF THESE FORTY **ACRES**!
YOU MEAN - - YOU'RE A **PROPERTY OWNER**, ANNIE?
YES, SIR! A GAL HAS TO LOOK OUT FOR HERSELF! DON'T WANT TO BE A RANCH HAND **ALL** MY LIFE! NOW STAND CLEAR WHILE I PLANT THIS DYNAMITE FOR POST HOLES!
SHECKS! NOW THAT ANNIE OWNS PROPERTY, SHE'LL NEVER HAVE ANYTHIN' TO DO WITH A COMMON COWBOY LIKE **ME**!
I LIT THE FUSE, TEX! SHE'LL GO OFF IN A MINUTE!
GOSH, ANNIE, I SURE WISH YOU ***DIDN'T*** OWN PROPERTY!
G-G-GOSH . . . IT'S . . .
OYULLL!
2


OIL! I'M RICH! I'M RICH! HOT DAWG!
THAT DOES IT! NOW ANNIE ABSOLUTELY, POSITIVELY WON'T HAVE NUTHIN' TO DO WITH ME! WHY, SHE MUST BE PRACTICALLY A MILLIONAIRESS!
I'LL MOSEY BACK TO THE RANCH, PACK MUH DUDS, AND PUSH ON! MEBBE I'LL MAKE A GOLD STRIKE! THEN I COULD COME BACK AN' PLACE MY CLAIM ON L'IL ANNIE'S HEART!
BACK AT THE BARR-X...
HI' YUH, TEX! HOW COME YOU LOOK SO SAD AND FORLORN?
OH, MISS SALLY! I'M NOT WORTH MUCH! AN' NOW THAT ANNIE OWNS PROPERTY... AN' THERE'S AN' OIL GUSHER ON IT, I JEST FEEL SO LOW AN' MISERABLE!
AN OIL GUSHER ON HER LAND??? AN OIL G-G-G-USSS.. OHHHHHHH...
MISS SALLY! MISS SALLY! WAKE UP!
SALLY! PLEASE SAY SOMETHIN'!
OH, TEX, I RECEIVED SUCH A SHOCK!
HOW ARE YOU FEELIN' NOW, MISS SALLY?
MUCH, MUCH BETTER!
HUH? TEX AN' SALLY!
I'LL HAVE TO PUT A CRIMP IN THAT! GOSH! MAYBE TEX THINKS I'LL GO HIGH-HAT BECAUSE OF THE OIL WELL! GOLLY, THAT'LL NEVER DO!


HEY, SALLY AN' TEX! I'M THROWING A SHINDIG TONIGHT ON MY NEW PROPERTY — CELEBRATING THE GUSHER!
ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT US **COMMON** FOLK?
NOW SEE HERE, SALLY SWOON -- DON'T YOU TRY TO GIVE TEX ANY IDEAS ABOUT MY GOING BIG SHOT! IT'S JUST A STROKE OF FATE THAT I HAVE THE OIL WELL, AND **NOT** YOU!
HMMPH! PLAYING ON TEX'S SYMPATHY! I SUPPOSE WE'LL COME TO YOUR PARTY.. JUST TO SEE HOW VULGAR WEALTH HAS GONE TO YOUR HEAD!
GRRR! IF I WASN'T A LADY, I'D -- I'D ---
MISTER BARR! MISTER BARR! I OWN AN OIL WELL! I'M HAVING A PARTY TONIGHT! WILL YOU COME ?
PARTY ? UH, HUH ... I'LL COME! HAVE TO TAKE MY MIND OFF MY TROUBLES ANY-HOW! CONGRATULATIONS ON THE OIL WELL, ANNIE!
RECKON, TEX, THIS IS NO PLACE FOR US PAUPERS!
YOU'RE RIGHT, MISS SALLY- BUT WAIT'LL I MAKE MY **GOLD** STRIKE!
LATER, SALLY PREPARES FOR THE PARTY..
I LOOK PRETTY GOOD IN THIS DRESS! IT'S A GOOD THING I ORDERED IT WHILE I WAS IN DALLAS! THIS'LL MAKE TEX SIT UP AND TAKE **NOTICE!**
...AND SO DOES ANNIE ...
I'LL DRESS REAL ROUGH TO SHOW TEX MY SUDDEN WEALTH HASN'T GONE TO MY HEAD!
LATER ...
ULP! MISS SALLY, YOU LOOK -- YOU LOOK, WHY, GAL, YOU'RE BEEYOOTIFUL!
THANKS, TEX! I DRESSED UP JUST FOR **YOU!**
TARNATION! SHE'S TOGGED OUT FIT TO KILL! AN' TEX IS LOOKIN' GOGGLE-EYED AT HER!
HELLOOO, ANNIEEEE, DEAR! TEXIE AND I ARE **READY!**
LET'S GET ON WITH THE SHINDIG! THE BOYS ARE THERE ALREADY!


AT THE PARTY...
LOOKS LIKE A MIGHTY FINE GUSHER, ANNIE . . . YOU'LL BE RICH IN NO TIME!
I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT, MISTER BARR! NOT WHEN I'M LOSING OUT ON WHAT I **DO** CARE ABOUT!
SAY, ANNIE, HOW'D YOU BRING THE GUSHER OUT?
I WAS BLASTING FOR POST HOLES! WAIT'LL I SHOW YOU!
I PLANTED THE DYNAMITE LIKE THIS . .
UH-HUH!
THE BLAST GOES OFF, AND . . .
ULP! MY DRESS! IT'S RUINED! ULP!
HERE'S YOUR PUNCH, MISS SALLY! **HEY!** WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
THAT AIN'T OIL ANYMORE! IT'S...
JUST WHAT MY RANCH NEEDS TO LICK THE DRY SPELL!
HUH? **WATER?** THEN I'M NOT **RICH? HOORAY!**
ANNIE, I'LL PAY YOU **DOUBLE** FOR THE LAND! THIS WATER SOLVES ALL MY **PROBLEMS**!
IT'S A DEAL! I DON'T WANT TO BE **RICH**! I WANT--
WHY, ANNIE! THIS IS --- YIPPPEEEE!
NOW **EVERYBODY'S** HAPPY!
YEAH -- **EVERYBODY'S** HAPPY! **EXCEPT ME**!
THE END

Reducing Specialist Says:

"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

LOSE WEIGHT

where it shows most

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER

Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steam baths, drugs or laxatives.

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The "Spot Reducer" can be used in your spare time in your own room. It breaks down fatty tissues, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased, awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat. Two weeks after using the "Spot Reducer," look in the mirror and see a more glamorous, better, firmer, slimmer figure that will delight you. You have nothing to lose but weight for the "Spot Reducer" is sold on a money-back guarantee.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
With a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

MAIL COUPON NOW!

FREE

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. SG-2
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once, for $2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name ______________________

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BAD SKIN?

Stop Worrying About Pimples, Blackheads and Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

Try Skin Doctor's Amazing Simple Directions and Be Thrilled with the Difference— Often So Much

CLEARER IN JUST ONE SHORT WEEK

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too *—in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept 437 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!— the treatment must work for *you*, or it doesn't cost you a cent.